THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume X — New York, Wednesday, September 18, 1929 — Number 20

EDITORIAL BOARD

MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor
GEORGE N. SHUSTER, Managing Editor
MARY KOLARS, Assistant Editor

JOHN F. McCORMICK, Business Manager

EDITORIAL COUNCIL

CARLTON J. H. HAYES
T. LAWRASON RIGGS
RICHARD DANA SKINNER
JAMES J. WALSH

TABLE OF CONTENTS

The Apostolate of Labor 487
Week by Week 489
The Return of Connie Mack 492
A Catholic Diplomat 493
Serra of California ..... Michael Williams 494
Shaw's New Play ..... Edward J. Macdonald 497
Punchinello (*verse*) ..... Hugh de Burgh 498
The Wisconsin Plan ..... George Westervelt 499
The Brother and the Rooster ..... Dorothy Day 501
Father Ryan of the South ..... Howard Meriwether Lovett 503
Prayer for a Vestment-Maker (*verse*) ..... Rosemary Kathryn Beattie 504
Communications 505
The Play ..... Richard Dana Skinner 507
Yielding Place (*verse*) ..... Brand Storm 508
Books ..... John Carter, Broadus Mitchell, Edward Hawks, Vincent Engels, Harry McGuire, Paul Crowley, Grenville Vernon, Sean O'Faolain, T. C. 508

Published weekly and copyrighted 1929, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y. United States: $5.00; Foreign: $6.00; Canada: $5.50. Single Copies: $.10.

THE APOSTOLATE OF LABOR

THE proclamation by the Sacred Congregation of the Council of the Catholic Church, signed by Cardinal Sbarretti as prefect, and addressed to Bishop Lienart, of Lille, a very important centre of the industrial north of France, dealing with labor unions and associations of employers and capitalists, reached the American Catholic press, appropriately enough, just when our annual Labor Day was directing attention to the perennial problem which in all civilized countries is so important, namely, the relations between capital and labor: the ever-recurrent stress and strain between the rich and the poor. The issuance of the proclamation at such a time was, of course, purely accidental, and has no direct bearing upon American conditions. Our Labor Day is not a universal, world-wide affair. May-day seems to be its equivalent in Europe, but only distantly so, because there is little real resemblance between the European May-day demonstrations, with their ominous associations with Communism, and the American Labor Day which has won for itself the status of a wholly national festival, welcomed and participated in by nearly all grades of society, except for the very small minority pledged to the deadly doctrines of Communism, which detests the present fairly general condition of coöperation achieved by organized labor, the national and the state governments, and the controlling forces of capital. Cardinal Sbarretti's proclamation, therefore, was merely coincidental with Labor Day. Nevertheless, because what he and his associates of the Sacred Congregation of the Council had to say regarding the problems in France was based upon principles which apply to such problems everywhere, his statement should attract wide attention in the United States.

In the region of Lille, to whose bishop the Holy See has now addressed an intervention bringing to an end a dangerous controversy which for many years has agitated the north of France, there is intense industrial activity, particularly in the textile mills, which employ tens of thousands of workers. For many years past, the Socialists have sponsored and controlled prosperous labor unions, coöperative associations for the joint purchase and sale of goods and clothing, and influential political groups. The employers also have organized, and, quite naturally, have been even more powerful and successful in upholding their own rights and interests than the Socialistic unions. As was only to have been expected, the greater part of the workers

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were attracted to the Socialistic unions. In the main, therefore, two powerful and opposing organized forces confronted each other, each battling for its own hand.

Such a situation of course deeply troubled thoughtful Catholics among the clergy, among the workers and among the employers. In the Lille district, as elsewhere in those parts of Europe which have become strongly industrialized, great masses of the Catholic workers and their families had drifted away from the practice of their religion; in many cases even from belief in it. Here, as elsewhere, the pervasive and persuasive influence of religious principles upon social problems seemed to be weakening, and to be ineffective as compared with the apparently more practical methods of the Socialists, so far as securing justice for the workers was concerned. On the other hand, it was quite clear to the thoughtful Catholics that the highly organized Socialistic groups were almost solely concerned with strictly material benefits, and tended strongly, in fact, almost exclusively, to encourage a bitter class struggle which in the long run must prove disastrous to society in general.

Such considerations led to a number of notable developments. Catholic groups among the workers organized unions in which the activities necessary for the defense of their material interests might be coördinated and guided by the dictates of Catholic moral laws. With this movement, the diocesan authorities heartily coöperated, and priests set apart by the bishop and specially equipped for dealing with social problems, were appointed to serve the Catholic unions as counselors.

Catholic capitalists and employers organized similarly, notably the admirable group which founded the Catholic University of Lille; and Cardinal Sbarretti pays tribute to the conscientious way in which they observed the rules of charity and justice based upon the Christian gospel, and their fairness in recognizing the right of Christian workers to organize for the just safeguarding of their natural rights and interests.

But there were employers of another kind, even among the Catholics. It was the clash between their views and those of the Catholic workers, and of the Catholic clergy, which brought about the controversy now concluded by Rome. The old-time, hard-boiled type of employer, it is true, had practically disappeared; or, at any rate, having been taught by bitter experience that his day was over, he did not assert himself. The prevalent view was that of a group of employers who recognized that justice obligated them to take some thought for the interests of their employees. They devised and set in operation, many measures which in part were highly beneficial to the workers.

Funds were set aside to reimburse workers in times of unemployment—"enforced vacations," was the gentle phrase employed. Other funds were established for the payment of accident benefits; and also for the extra payment of employees having large families to support. All these funds were pooled in a bank controlled by the employers, under the management of a general secretary. This secretary acted as the intermediary and agent between the organized forces of the labor unions, both the Socialists and the Catholics, and the organized employers. As a principle, they set up the dictum that workers had no right to organize among themselves when, or if, as workers, they were being accorded just treatment by their employers, and that organized capital had no obligation to enter into discussion with labor unions, the members of which were receiving the material benefits granted to them by the employers of Lille. However, since the Socialist unions were too powerful for such a rule to be enforced, the employers under some circumstances, did enter into negotiations with the Socialists. But they would have nothing to do with the Catholic unions, as such.

The "Consortium," as the employers' union was termed, from its full title of the "Consortium de Roubaix-Tourcoing," was not content with this stand. It controlled a number of journals, many of which possessed a partly Catholic circulation, and in these it carried on an active propaganda not only against the Catholic workers' union, but also against the clergy who favored and aided the development of such unions.

In time, the Consortium found itself in open opposition to the bishop himself. A general strike having been called, the Catholic unions, which had not approved it, set up a fund for the relief of families reduced to misery by prolonged unemployment, and appealed to the generosity of all Catholics. The bishop of Lille headed the list of those who responded to the appeal. The Consortium interpreted his action as a sign of opposition to their principles. He answered their objections in an open letter, declaring that before all other Christian duties is that of charity; furthermore, when men, women and children are in need, the Church of Christ should be the first to help them, and that such an action could not be fairly interpreted as a proof of adherence to this or that social doctrine, since it accomplished an elementary duty of charity. Least of all, he added, could a bishop refrain from fulfilling such a duty.

This letter elicited a letter of approbation from Cardinal Gasparri, in the name of the Pope. Now, however, not only has the charity of the bishop been upheld, but the essential justice of the Catholic workers' cause has been affirmed in formal fashion by the authority of the Church itself. Cardinal Sbarretti's manifesto is hailed in Europe as another milestone in the history of Catholic social teachings. The right of both employers and employees to organize is justified; also the right of employers and employees to organize mixed syndicates, or guilds. All these are good, but, better still, according to the Sacred Congregation, is the creation of unions regulated according to the principles of Christian morals, which possess "those indispensable instruments of concord and peace

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which are exemplified in mixed committees of the management and the workers." The instrument of collective bargaining is approved; and the teaching is laid down that no amount of the most benevolent philanthropy on the part of employers toward their employees can justify the denial to the workers to organize among themselves, for their own rights and their own interests, so long as they are guided by Christian principles in claiming and exerting these rights.

The Sacred Congregation also highly approves and praises the bishops of the industrial district of northern France for setting aside priests competent to study and help to guide all labor problems, and very emphatically expresses the hope that in all industrial countries the bishops will increase their "labor missionaries," "whose apostolate, besides protecting the population against the evil of indifference to the Socialist and Communist peril, will also testify to the maternal solicitude of the Church for the world of labor."

While no such perilous conflicts as those that occasioned this utterance from Rome exist at present in the United States, it is not to be supposed, except by hopeless optimists, that what is called the present era of prosperity, with its chicken in the pot for everybody and its car waiting at the door to aid in the digestion of the chicken, will last forever. Serious students of economics and of social science see many things unnoticed by others which, if uncorrected, may lead to trouble or disaster. Our own bishops are like the bishop of Lille; they believe in the apostolate to labor; they urge, as in their magnificent pastoral letter, lay Catholics to acquaint themselves with such problems, and to apply Christian principles against the menace of Socialism, or that of godless material prosperity. We are happy, therefore, to be able to announce that the most prominent and useful American Catholic sociologist, Dr. John Augustine Ryan, who for twenty-five years or more has fought Socialism and championed Christian social justice, will soon begin, in our pages, a series of very important articles, which we commend to the earnest attention of our readers.

WEEK BY WEEK

APPARENTLY the State Department in this country is not so sure as Mr. Ramsay MacDonald that an agreement on disarmament will be reached between us and Great Britain before the Assembly of the League of Nations adjourns. Mr. MacDonald's speech at the opening of the Assembly stressed the number of points already settled, or practically settled; reports from Washington immediately thereafter stressed the importance of the points still outstanding. Nor was it greatly to the liking of the United States that the Prime Minister should have had so much to say about tariffs. "Out of economic differences, political differences soon begin to appear," he said, and as if that were not enough, "The British government will heartily coöperate in every attempt to translate political agreements into economic agreements that make for economic freedom. Every effort to guide a political nationality from being the cause of economic obstruction and making it an instrument in economic coöperation will receive the support of Great Britain." It was the most significant statement in his address. It reflected an attitude which has become conspicuous in Europe since the provisions of the Hawley tariff were made known. It was a guarantee that Mr. MacDonald was not paying compliments merely when he encouraged M. Briand to develop his plan for the economic unification of Europe. And of some importance, too, is the fact that nothing Mr. MacDonald had to say about disarmaments, the agreement with Egypt or the good work of the Hague, received so enthusiastic an acclaim as this.

Premier MacDonald on Economics

MR. STIMSON thinks that the Root formula for American adherence to the World Court may soon be submitted to the Senate. The State Department is ready to accept it, and twenty-two member nations of the Court have already taken favorable action. And so when the Senate gets through with the Hawley bill, if it ever does, it will find its most faithful bogy waiting for attention. Of course the Senate stipulated the conditions under which the United States might adhere to the World Court, and of course those conditions have been met in the Root formula. For the peace and quiet of our Senate it would have been better if those conditions had not been met, if a formula had not been evolved, if the other members of the Court had not been willing to accept the formula, if Secretary Kellogg, and after him Secretary Stimson, had not approved it. Now all is to do over again. Secretary Stimson's announcement had hardly been given distribution when the quarrel was renewed, and with as much vigor as ever, apparently, on the part of World Court opponents. Despite these signs we think the Root formula will have an easy time of it. We think so because it will be submitted to a very weary body of legislators, anxious for nothing more than for agreement. The Hawley bill will have taken all the fight out of them.

The Root Formula Again

THE Washington correspondents have labeled as "remarkable" Mr. Hoover's decision to investigate the activities of William B. Shearer, self-styled paid propagandist against naval armament reduction and limitation. It may have been unusual in White House procedure, but it is none the less due the American people; and the promptness of the President in recognizing the importance of the implications behind the Shearer briefs cannot be too highly praised. "International agreement for the reduction of naval arms" has always been very close to Mr.

The Strange Case of Mr. Shearer

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hoover's heart, as it was to his predecessor's, and no more significant evidence of his resolve to attain this end can be found than in such vigorous leadership. In consequence of it, a powerful impetus has been given to the inquiry which Senator Borah had already advocated in the Senate and submitted to the Committee on Naval Affairs. Meanwhile the civil court's move to determine the facts of Mr. Shearer's employment by the three shipbuilding organizations will be almost entirely superseded by the Attorney General's investigation into the situation purported by the suit, the means of proceeding against those possibly guilty, and the methods by which the country can be rid of such insidious influences.

THE three defendants have denied any desire to wield such influences, but they have admitted the employment of Mr. Shearer. The nation, of course, will not be side-tracked by considerations of their indebtedness or non-indebtedness to their former employee; it wants to know why and for what he was employed. It is naturally quite impossible to gauge what effect Mr. Shearer's efforts have had on international or American deliberations, but we believe with our contemporary, the New Republic, that "the failure of the Geneva conference and the consequent disturbance to the relations of England and the United States was caused in large degree by the extremist reports of the conference in the American press. For these reports Mr. Shearer was in part responsible." And in Washington, when naval bills were being prepared, he represented himself and was accepted as "adviser" of the Naval Department (the Department is not known to have repudiated this label) in which capacity he apparently had excellent opportunities to forward his well-understood campaign for a larger navy. Two things stand out clearly from these facts: the mistake publications commit when they allow editorial opinion to be embodied in foreign reports from correspondents whose authority and connections have not been thoroughly determined; and the extraordinary gullibility of our national legislators in accepting so-called experts on their own valuation.

THE State Department's most recent suggestion to China is that an agreement might be reached by which extraterritorial rights would be relinquished gradually as China proves herself able to administer justice. It is naive to suppose that such an arrangement would be acceptable to the Chinese. For one thing who is to determine that her courts are able to administer justice? Not the West, because the West assumes privileges which she considers as injustice. The nations which demand such a perfection of justice from China should first of all be just to her—this is an argument which appears unanswerable to the Orient. We are inclined to believe that the Nationalist government intended no exaggeration when it demanded immediate surrender of the extraterritorial rights and privileges. And if we continue to hedge in this manner we shall lose our present opportunity to do the decent thing—which is to give the Chinese what they want. The abolition of extraterritoriality is inevitable, anyway. Modern China insists upon it, and in their present temper the Chinese will get it by taking the matter into their own hands if necessary. And what could we do then? Fight about it? Of course not, especially since everyone admits that extraterritoriality is unfair to China.

A Sovereign China

NOT only New York City, but the country at large, will be richer by the establishment of the permanent museum of modern art, to be opened in November. Our Metropolitan Museum can be compared with the Louvre, the National Gallery of England and the Kaiser Friedrich Museum, but Paris, London and Berlin have in addition supplementary institutions devoted exclusively to the exhibition of modern art. The sponsors of the new museum intend it to perform a like service without conflicting with the Metropolitan, whose admission policy they warmly defend against the charge of ultra-conservatism. Indeed their project will, to a certain extent, relieve the older museum of the problems imposed by those who feel that progress consists in dismissing the old and accepting the new. However, the prospectus does not imply any startling radicalism. Announced exhibitions of Cézanne, Van Gogh, Gauguin, Renoir and Seurat, then of a group including Ryder, Homer and Eakins, followed by the works of distinguished living American, French, German and Mexican artists, will show the history "of the immediate ancestors, American and European, of the modern movement—artists whose paintings are still too controversial for universal acceptance." It is to be hoped that the new museum, which must at first be largely dependent on loaned art, will soon acquire a permanent collection and reach its highest goal.

Modern Art's New Home

IT MAY be merely that the pressmen told off to report the ninth International Congress of Psychology yielded to the impulse to lighten their burden by touching up some of the observations they were forced to listen to. Similarly, it may not. Anyway, their accounts of what went on at Yale last week read a good deal like Swift's accounts of what went on in Laputa when Gulliver visited the scientists there. The definition of personality attributed to Professor A. A. Roback, of Boston—that it is "expressed in everything a person does that is a deviation from a rational standard"—is worthy of the floating island where cucumbers were kept in the wistful hope of extracting sunbeams from them. Equally in the grand tradition of nonsense are the findings of Professor I. C. Sherman, of George Washington University, on

Psychologists at Play

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the high paranoid trend among Catholics and Jews as against the superior hallucinatory powers of Protestants; the sober discovery of Professor Hulsey Cason, of the University of Rochester, that women are greater nuisances than men; the assertion of Professor Pleasant R. Hightower, of Indianapolis, that middle-western children who know their Bible cheat and lie more than those whose biblical lore is but scant; and the eager defense of the movies for their moral effect by Professor Phyllis Blanchard, of Philadelphia, who has learned, after intensive research, that "when the villain is caught and punished . . . the applause of the children is swiftest and most enthusiastic." It is only fair to conclude with the one note of sense sounded during the whole revelry: Dr. Otto Klineberg reported that Nordic children test as being no brighter than Mediterranean or Alpine children. Dr. Klineberg, we note with a sigh, comes from Montreal.

The Negro's Needs

WHEN the Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems met in Baltimore two weeks ago, the sessions which it devoted to the economic situation of the Negro were attended by the delegates to the annual convention of the Federated Colored Catholics of America. The resulting discussions, notably full and candid, disengaged statistics which, on the whole, favor an optimistic view. The point was made, for instance, that only 1.7 percent of American Negroes are earning salaries in the professions today; but it was also revealed that more than one-half of the whole colored population of the country above ten years of age (4,828,151 out of 8,053,225) are actually gainfully employed. The census of four years ago lists 44,945,000 acres as possessed and operated by 830,788 colored farmers, of whom 194,540 are owners outright. The Reverend Henry Fisher, C. S. P., dealing with the industrial phase of this development, ascribed to the world war the Negro's most conspicuous economic opportunity, and contrasted the resulting improvement in his status with the slavery which had lingered on as a social and economic fact long after his legal emancipation. Mr. Victor Daniels, principal of the Cardinal Gibbons Institute, outlined his race's agricultural achievement, and asked in their name that its continuance be ensured by "the same opportunities to secure information, without which progress is impossible, that are accorded to all other citizens of this republic."

VARIOUS related phases of the problem of economic betterment were expertly dealt with. Dr. Karl F. Phillips, Commissioner of Conciliation of the United States Department of Labor, spoke of the high value of Negro labor as a factor in national progress, and entered a plea for the wages and working conditions which will keep that labor stable and efficient. That just compensation and human conditions of work are also necessary in promoting a healthy and happy home life was stressed by Miss Anita Williams, of the Baltimore Archdiocesan Bureau of Catholic Charities, and Mrs. S. C. Fernandez, investigator of the Baltimore Welfare Bureau. The long-agitated matter of the membership of Negroes in trades unions was interestingly though inconclusively debated, an American Federation of Labor representative urging the advantages of the step and Mr. Daniels justifying the colored laborer's reluctance to take it, on the basis of what he alleged to be the unions' insincerity. This is a special problem, with a complicated background; but its equitable solution is at least not retarded by a frank canvassing on both sides. In conclusion, the statistical and factual substance of the discussions was leavened by the inspiring words of the Reverend John La Farge, S. J. Father La Farge movingly reaffirmed the principles of humanity and Catholic justice, and indicated that they must be the permanent point of reference, the luminous corrective and interpreter, of the facts found in this field of the Negro's problems, lest even the most earnest fact-finding become misleading and sterile.

The Fides Service

THOUGH The Commonweal, by reason of its special field of interests, can only touch from time to time upon the subjects suggested by the splendid news service supplied by Propaganda Fide, that great central missionary agency of the Catholic Church distributed under the title of Fides Service throughout the world, yet it is not amiss that we should pay tribute to the effectiveness which it is evident that this service is displaying. As we have often before had good reason to state, this is a day of great things for the Catholic Church, and many are the signs which prove that its leaders throughout the world are stimulated and encouraged to take high and wide views of world problems by the example set in the Eternal City. Among these exemplars of a world vision, no agency of the Church, perhaps, is more alert than Propaganda Fide. From the utmost ends of the earth, and from the more than Seven Seas, day by day, there streams to the central office in Rome scientific as well as religious and political information of the most valuable, and at times most extraordinary, kind. At a time like this, when the trend of the American mind away from provincialism and toward universality is becoming decidedly noticeable—as an editorial writer of the National Catholic Welfare Conference has recently pointed out—it is particularly important that Catholics themselves should not fall behind their fellow-citizens of other faiths in displaying their interest in matters of world news. The more that Americans in general acquire what might be termed a universal consciousness, the readier they will be to see the reasons for, and to respect the religious authority of, the world's universal religion, Catholicism. Fides Service is doing its part creatively and successfuly in building up this universal consciousness.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHILE on this subject we cannot refrain from referring to a recent despatch from Molokai distributed by Fides Service. It tells how the lepers of that forlorn island, immortalized by Father Damien, have contributed out of their miserable poverty no less a sum than $1,284.43 toward the fund being collected in Honolulu to build a new convent for the Franciscan Sisters, who for so many years have had charge of the Kalaupapa settlement on Molokai. It is highly interesting to observe a fact which would have delighted the soul of Robert Louis Stevenson, namely, that while the chairman of the committee representing the people of Kalaupapa is a Catholic, one of the other members of the committee is a Mormon, while still another manfully hoists the colors of his Calvinist creed. All join heartily in the "earnest hope and prayer that our donation will prove to be the corner-stone upon which will be built a fund large enough to insure the early completion of a home which will stand as a monument commemorating the work of our beloved Mother Marianne and the Sisters of Saint Francis. Aloha nui loa." The mere mention of such a prayer is to bring about its fulfilment. Of the present thirty-one members of the Sisters of the Third Order of Saint Francis who are laboring in the Hawaiian Islands, all but five are Americans. The mother house of the congregation is in Syracuse, New York. It is another reminder of a fact which should be borne in mind by those who accuse Americans of gross materialism and the inability to face hardship and self-sacrifice, that missionary efforts on the part of Americans have multiplied greatly in recent years, as the recent general chapter of the Maryknoll Congregation served to remind us. We have in preparation for our readers a special article on Maryknoll, which will emphasize that consoling truth.

THE career of the late William E. Dever furnished an apposite illustration for the politically cynical who assert that honest administration does not pay. As mayor of Chicago, Mr. Dever gave the city four years of clean, able and progressive government, marked by many public improvements and accomplished without scandal. Yet he was elected as a wet, and because he turned to the task of honestly enforcing all laws, with no consideration of his private convictions in regard to them, the voters turned from him to William Hale Thompson who was more amenable to open-town politicians. Thus the New York World heralded "the loss of the best mayor Chicago ever had" as "one of the things which Volsteadism has wrought in the land." Nevertheless those who mourn the death of Mr. Dever, as we do, must feel consolation in the fact that what he achieved will remain a criterion of city administration. And Mr. Dever himself must have recognized that the repudiation of Thompsonism was indirectly, though certainly, a belated justification of his own tenure of office. Chicago has many reasons for gratitude toward him.

William E. Dever

THE RETURN OF CONNIE MACK

IT IS now apparent that the Philadelphia Athletics are to be the next champions of the American League, and thus are the early season prophets confounded. How freely it was predicted four months ago that September would find the Athletics in the stale, inactive doldrums, while the Yankees were going ahead of them with ease! Well they have had their slump, as was predicted, they have emerged from it, and the Yankees are not ahead of them.

If the result of this is a deep and inconsolable sorrow in New York, elsewhere it is rejoicing, and not only in Philadelphia, but in hundreds of cities which have no major league team to claim their own loyalties. Their citizens are free to select each one his favorite, regardless of the circumstances of geography, or of the chances of seeing it in action, and the choice is usually made early in life. There are many who became fond of the Athletics in pre-war days, when such men as Chief Bender, Eddie Collins and Home-Run Baker brought a shining if evanescent glory to Philadelphia, and they have had allegiance ever since to Mr. Cornelius McGillicuddy, Connie Mack, the man who made those heroes the heroes that they were.

It is being said that the eclipse of the Yankees, who have won pennants so habitually in recent years, will be good for the American League. This may be true as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. It is a niggardly statement of the case. It is the sort of thing said by people who search for profit in pleasure, for whom any victory, even an athletic one, is obscured by its economic consequences. They are bad for baseball, and we are sorry for them, sorry that they cannot share in the spirit which says that the victory of the Athletics was most apt and felicitous because, considering the opinions of the winter, it was so unexpected.

We know that Mr. McGillicuddy will wear his honors well. Big league managers have often been easily excitable men, inclined toward the belligerent, and whether or not this is a reflection of the emotion of a baseball crowd, we cannot say. But if so, Connie Mack has not often been affected by it. His career is the most conspicuous proof in baseball that quietness and self-effacement are not incompatible with success. His detachment in trying moments comes, we are told, from the fact that he does not hope to get all the breaks. He knows that in the long run things even themselves up, that if a doubtful decision loses him a game today, another may win him one tomorrow, or the day after. A winning spell is followed by a slump —he knows that. And when the slump comes, since he has been expecting it, he is not greatly disturbed. He has the reputation of having reduced the element of irritation in his profession to an extent where he can afford to give attention to some of the subtler aspects of managership—such as being kindly to his men. And so we are glad that Mr. McGillicuddy's return to su-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

premacy among managers should have come at no later time than this. For young men have been growing up to whom his preëminence is only a legend—something that their fathers speak of, and newspapermen write about when they are recalling the brave olden days. To them baseball has meant only the Yankees, since their first interest in the game coincided with the rise of that great team. And while it is true that Mr. Babe Ruth and some of his fellows have our admiration and affection, we realize that Connie Mack has something to offer which has seldom characterized a product of New York. He has serenity.

We salute the triumph of the Athletics because it means the humbling of the wise men. It is the most interesting story in baseball since the emergence of Babe Ruth. It is the reassertion of the personality of Connie Mack. It is his second spring.

A CATHOLIC DIPLOMAT

AMONG the many proofs which are brought forward by Mr. Oliver McKee, jr., writing in the Outlook, of the deeper interest which Americans are manifesting in world news and world problems, he mentions the fact that it was a Catholic institution which was the first to realize and act upon the growing demand of American business for young men trained in the principles of foreign trade, and also the higher necessity of training young Americans for service abroad in the State and Commerce Departments. Georgetown University more than ten years ago established its school of Foreign Service. A pioneer in its field, the school has maintained its leadership, and practically every state in the union, and many foreign lands, are sending pupils to Georgetown. "The school," says Mr. McKee, "is clearly fulfilling a real need."

We are reminded afresh of the splendid opportunity for educated and cultured young American Catholics in the diplomatic service of their country abroad, by the space devoted by several of the leading newspapers of Holland to Mr. Richard M. Tobin on the occasion of his recent retirement from the post of United States minister to Holland. De Tijd remarks: "Mr. Tobin was a born representative of his nation . . . . This Californian business man and banker was a type of extraordinary sagacity accompanied by rapidity of decision. Besides this he is a man of culture of the very first rank . . . . But stronger than all this was his personality; the incarnation of what they are so pleased to praise in America as the perfection of democracy, but which is so seldom met with . . . personal simplicity, easily accessible and unprecedented good-fellowship."

Our Dutch contemporary then goes on to describe Mr. Tobin's successful career in Holland. Referring to the first American minister at the Hague, John Adams, who later was President of the United States, and also to Professor van Dyke, as forerunners of Mr. Tobin, and representatives of the best that the United States can give to Europe, the editorial resumes: "Mr. Tobin was not only American, he was a Catholic; perhaps the most Catholic minister of the Hague. Mr. Tobin took part in the Amsterdam Eucharistic Congress as an earnest believer. . . . Few appreciated more deeply the new lines of our ecclesiastical buildings and the evolution of our religious art. But stronger than the artist in him was his faith; the full communion rail always impressed him more than all the other things."

Another Dutch paper, the Vaderland, says that John Adams, the first American minister to Holland, on leaving his post, declared: "Wherever I may go and whatever I do, I shall never cease to pray for the welfare of the Dutch nation." It goes on to say that Mr. Tobin made those words his own in his farewell address to the Hague journalists.

"Diplomats are not accustomed to say much concerning earnest subjects," the Vaderland continues. It might be added that of all subjects, religion, and the reference to prayer as a definite, real power, comes less than any other to the cautious lips of diplomats. That Holland should still remember that the Protestant John Adams did not fear to invoke the power of prayer, and recalls that fact in bidding farewell to the Catholic representative of his country, Mr. Tobin, is a refreshing thing to encounter in today's journalism. Possibly such incidents may lead to the thought that religion is, after all, even more necessary to the welfare of nations than protocols and treaties—good as these are—which depend merely upon human interests and human good-will for their effectiveness.

So far as we know, Mr. Tobin's resignation of his post at the Hague leaves the higher ranks of American diplomacy destitute of Catholic representation. We do not allude to this fact (we hope it is almost unnecessary for us to remark) as a hint that Catholics are neglected or passed over in our public services. The truth seems clear to us that there are altogether too few Catholics who aspire and prepare themselves to serve their country along such lines. A comparatively small body of English Catholics continuously train a large number of highly capable men to serve their country abroad in the diplomatic and consular services. Perhaps no other form of patriotic service depends more intimately for its true success upon the possession of high ethical standards. Undoubtedly, the standards set up for the guidance of a Catholic statesman or diplomat are at least as high and noble as those professed by any other form of religious faith. In addition, the tremendously long and world-wide tradition of Catholicism; that spirit which makes it congenial in every clime, among all races of men and in any age—constitutes an additional value of the highest sort. It is to be hoped that a time will come when many Catholics will follow the path traced for them by the careers of such gentlemen as Mr. Richard M. Tobin of California.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SERRA OF CALIFORNIA

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

The recent celebrations in San Diego and Monterey, in California, in which national, state, civic and commercial organizations coöperated with the representatives of the Catholic Church and the Franciscan order in honoring Father Junipero Serra, gives timely interest to this study of the spiritual founder of the Garden state. The present paper forms one section of a book on the life, character and achievement of the great Franciscan missionary, which is at the present moment in preparation and will be published later on by Longmans, Green and Company.—The Editors.

CALIFORNIA, by an act of its legislature, has officially canonized Father Junipero Serra, so to speak, as one of the state's true founders. Whether Serra's Church will ever canonize him as a saint, however, remains to be seen. The Church's tests of sanctity are quite other than the world's standards of heroic eminence. Serra's statue will be placed by California in the rotunda of the national legislature at Washington, side by side with the statue of Starr King, the Unitarian minister from New England who did so much to keep California and its gold safe for the union at the time of the Civil War. Each state of the union is entitled thus to send the effigies of its two chief heroes, or heroines, to Washington, so that in due time a sort of pantheon of the nation's great men and women will be assembled. They are elected, as it were. Nothing, in theory at least, could be more democratic.

Actually, though there are names among them that are truly great in the high history of the American nation, the majority—like all majorities—are almost nonentities so far as their relations with national history are concerned. Nevertheless they were all great men in their own little worlds, and these little worlds are vital parts of the nation. They helped to make that nation. Explorers, soldiers, sailors, missionaries, frontiersmen, clergymen, railroad builders, statesmen, prohibition apostles, anti-slavery agitators, law-makers, industrialists; of many racial strains, of diverse religious beliefs, but in the main deriving from the Protestant portions of the British Isles—these figures, though with many strange gaps and omissions, do trace the tremendous story of the United States, they do illustrate the predominant elements of the American nation.

And nothing could be more American than the selection of the Spanish Catholic priest and the New England Unitarian preacher by California as its two greatest men. In California itself there was a considerable amount of unfavorable criticism of, and opposition to, the choice of Starr King. This was not due to a belief that he was too insignificant or that he lacked the qualities befitting such a choice, but simply because some Californians felt that he had been identified with California only briefly, and that some such figure as Fremont, the conqueror, or Marshall, the discoverer of gold, would have been more appropriate. On Serra there was general agreement.

This agreement was not due simply to the fact that Padre Serra's name and fame have been popularized by their association with the romance and beauty of those old Spanish mission buildings and gardens that have been written about in so many books and plays and poems, and illustrated by some millions of post cards. It was also, and largely, owing to the conviction of most Californians that Padre Serra was the chief founder of the civilization of California, as well as the greatest of missionaries of the Spanish conquest. Of late years certain historians, such as Professor Charles E. Chapman and Professor Priestley, specialists in Spanish-American history, have sought to divert some of this glory to others, in particular to José de Gálvez, the Inspector General of New Spain, who first planned and directed the Spanish settlement of California, and to Viceroy Bucareli, who carried on the work after Gálvez went back to Spain. Gálvez was in authority over Serra; that is true. Serra was merely an instrument of the state, so far as the civil aspects of Spain's conquest of California were concerned; that is indisputable. But would Gálvez and Spain have succeeded, had not Serra been (as he believed) an instrument of another and higher purpose than the civil plans of Gálvez and Charles III of Spain? In serving that purpose did he not also prevent the flagrant failure of the secular plans?

Such questions, I think, will never definitely be settled by documentary evidence. What some may term psychological and others spiritual factors enter into the problem. Padre Serra's will power, to say nothing, for the present, about what he himself would have called the will of God, must be considered to be quite as important as the written records of government officials. In other words Junipero Serra, in all he was and all that he did was "motivated" by ideals which are exceedingly difficult to estimate in terms of material science. In order to deal with them at all we must enter the region of religious mysticism.

Serra's statue—at the time of this writing—has not been placed in the national capitol. I do not know if its sculptor has been chosen; but I wish that, whoever he may be, he might study the picture of his subject which appears as the frontispiece of Fray Francisco Palou's biography, because that picture, crude as it is, truthfully suggests the dominant elements of Serra's powerful personality. The first edition of Palou's book was published in the City of Mexico, at the press of Don Felipe de Zuniga y Ontiveros, in the Street of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Holy Spirit in the year 1787—the eleventh year of the United States: the year when the Constitutional Convention met at Philadelphia, and the opposing forces of aristocracy and democracy, under the clashing leadership of Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, John Adams, Burr, Franklin and the rest of the great Fathers of the republic, were contending for supremacy in establishing the new nation of the western world, which was to reap the fruits of what Spain, through Serra and Portolá and Gálvez and Palou and Bucareli, had sown in California.

Against a sky full of stormy clouds illuminated by a glory of sunshine, elevated above a group of men and women and children, stands Serra, the Franciscan friar. He is erect, and looks triumphant, like a conqueror, but his smile is gentle. His waist is bound with a rope tied with three knots, from which hangs a chain of beads. High above his head he holds a crucifix. In his other hand he clutches a jagged stone. At his feet is a cup, or chalice, out of which a snake is writhing; near it lie a lighted torch, a heavy chain and a skull. In a circle about him are men and women and children. There is a Spanish official, his wig elegantly tied with ribbon, his court sword at his side. There is a nun, her serene yet ecstatic face outlined purely beneath her black headdress. There are Indian warriors, kneeling squaws and their little naked children. All gaze upon the central figure; they are stretching their arms toward him, or clasping their hands in prayer.

All Americans who are even slightly acquainted with the history of their country know that Father Serra had much to do with the founding of California. It is not so generally known, however, that the exploring, the settling and the civilizing of California by the Spaniards came just in time to prevent the occupation of the entire west coast of this country by either Russia or Great Britain, or that Serra played a leading part in that matter, as well as in the purely religious side of the work. Although the Spanish government had only its own interests in mind when it carried out the California conquest—for its diplomatic intrigues in favor of the American Revolution, and its contributions of men and money to the American cause were meant to embarrass Great Britain and keep that country busy in the East while Spain attended to its own affairs in the West—nevertheless, by occupying California from 1769 to 1822 (after which year the Mexicans feebly held the land until 1849) Spain preserved the western frontier of the United States intact for the benefit, ultimately and finally, of the United States.

Had Spain not done so, it is as certain as anything can be when we speak of historical things which after all did not happen, that Great Britain or Russia would have seized the western coast, and all the subsequent history of the United States would have been different. A strong power like Russia or Great Britain firmly established on the Pacific coast would have presented a problem much more thorny and dangerous than those connected with the French possessions of Louisiana, or the British in Canada, or the Spanish hold on the Southwest and the West.

Of course it was the government of Spain—in chief, it was the force and ability of Spain's Inspector General in Mexico, Don José de Gálvez—that decreed and directed the occupation and holding of California. The religious work of Serra and his friars, the mission system, was mainly (though not entirely) the well-tested instrument of a political purpose. Nevertheless, Spain's conquest of California was due more to Father Junipero Serra than to anybody else; and to his religious zeal more than to any other motive. By a supreme act of his own will, though not for his own ends (for his will and his purpose were absolutely subordinated to what Serra himself believed to be the will of God) Junipero Serra saved the Spanish effort in California from complete defeat, and inspired, even led, it onward again to success.

The success was not permanent. Spain failed at last. The United States was to reap where Spain had sown. But Serra did not fail, and therefore today the Franciscan friar who halted the retreat at San Diego is acknowledged and honored as one of the great pioneers and national builders of the United States.

But I mean more than that. And so does the picture in Palou's book.

Junipero Serra was engaged all his life in a work other than that simply of a great Christian missionary, seeking converts to the Catholic Church; or that of a teacher of civilization to barbarians. It was the strange, stern yet ecstatic work of a Christian ascetic and mystic striving to unite himself to God. His inner, spiritual life and adventures, therefore, were part, and the greater part, of his romantic, active, dangerous life and adventures in Mexico and California.

Palou was fully aware of the high position occupied by Serra in the history of Spain in America. (He died too soon, of course, to guess at the position which Serra was to occupy in the annals of the new nation that had just been born when Serra died.) But Palou placed a higher value on those things in Serra's life which are symbolized in the picture described above than he did upon Serra's achievements in helping onward the expansion and developments of Spanish territory and Spanish culture; and his biography is mainly devoted to the things that to him, as to Serra, mattered the most.

Palou tells us how Serra would use the jagged stone which the picture shows him holding in his hand to beat his naked breast when he was preaching, even to the shedding of blood; as a sign of penance for his sins, and to excite others to penitence. So too he would use the heavy chain and the burning torch. The cup, or chalice, commemorates an occasion when the wine he was drinking at Mass had been poisoned by an enemy; but Serra, according to Palou, "realized in his own person the fulfilment of that promise which Jesus Christ had given to the Apostles and of which

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Evangelist Saint Mark speaks: 'If ye drink any deadly thing, it will do you no harm,'" For was not Junipero Serra an Apostle? The Apostle of California? Most assuredly; wherefore the Evil Spirit fled out of the poisoned wine in the likeness of a serpent. The skull represents his life-long quest of death in martyrdom; also, of course, it connotes the Christian belief that death is the beginning of a man's most important life: his final, unending life; which is why the Church marks the feast days of her saints by the days of their death, not of their earthly birth; and Palou fully expected that Serra's name would in time be added to the calendar of the saints. Maybe it will; the question is still open at Rome. The three knots in the cord that binds his loins represent the three vows he had taken as a Franciscan friar: the vows of obedience, humility and chastity; strange words, and stranger ideas, to the world of today. The crucifix held up so triumphantly by Serra is of course the symbol of symbols; uniting and explaining all the others. Serra literally carried the crucifix all his life as a priest; for more than fifty years it never left him by day or by night; it was clasped against his scarred breast when he was found dead lying on a bare plank; for he had given away his blanket to an old Indian woman a little before he died. And the spirit of the Crucifixion was his main motive, his deepest inspiration, his guide all the ways and days of his life.

Yet Serra was a joyous man. A Franciscan would not use the word "yet"; he would say, "Because Serra followed Christ Crucified, *therefore* he was a joyous man." In fact, he was even jolly; he joked on his death-bed with the old Indian beggar woman when he gave her his blanket. All his life he sang songs and told cheerful stories; and admired flowers, and planted the vine. And he was so practical in dealing with the material problems of his work that the Spanish officials grumbled: "This Father Junipero is no doubt a holy man, but in this matter of asking for help for the founding of missions he is a very burdensome saint."

For those for whom his first biographer, Fray Francisco Palou, wrote, his brother Franciscans, the picture described above, and all the strange and even terrible things related in his biography, were plain, simple matters of fact; duplicated and many times exceeded in strangeness or wonder by thousands of other men and women in the annals of their own order, to say nothing about the Church as a whole. Serra to them was simply a Franciscan who really lived as a Franciscan should; which, of course, not all Franciscans did in his day, or before his day, any more than all do so now. But they understood him; they took him for granted.

But nowadays matters are different; there are many Catholics, perhaps even some who fancy that they are Franciscan Catholics, who do not understand or sympathize with Franciscan asceticism, still less with ascetic mysticism. They admire and love Saint Francis the nature lover, the minstrel of the joy of life, the lover of mankind, the great poet, but they forget the Francis who scourged his body, and whose body was wounded with the wounds of the Crucifixion. And with the best will in the world to appreciate and admire the human heroism of such a man as Junipero Serra, we of today, especially when we are not Catholics, must be sorely puzzled and perhaps offended by the stories of this otherwise sensible and realistic pioneer who won California for us, bruising his breast with smashing blows of a jagged stone, thrusting a lighted torch against the bleeding flesh, beating himself with a chain, sleeping upon briars and thorns.

Even in the days when Serra was doing so, Voltaire was teaching a whole school of writers how to mock at such performances, and at such men as Serra, and Jean Jacques Rousseau was telling the world that nature, which Serra feared and fought except in so far as it was guided and transformed by that strange thing called supernatural grace, was on the contrary mankind's true guide and happiness. New tides of thought were rising in all the world of Serra's day, even in his native country, Spain, which were to sweep away from the minds of the majority of men all the beliefs and principles which he accepted without a shadow of doubt, and acted upon from birth to death.

It would perhaps be possible to write the story of Serra and his great adventures as a traveler, an explorer, a teacher, a diplomat, a splendid leader of other men in practical affairs that had very important results which still affect the culture and history of the United States, without bothering ourselves about that strange inner life, those mysterious spiritual adventures, so frankly and simply related by his disciple. But Junipero Serra as a man, and his achievements as a colonizer and missionary, cannot be understood without some understanding of his mystical inner life. We must not only know something about the high politics of his period, when Spain was putting forth its last effort to maintain and extend its shattered empire in the new world, and when France and England were fighting out their battle for the possession of the northern half of that world, and when Britain's colonies in America were stirring with the new spirit which was to produce the new nation of the West. We must not only, in addition, know somthing about the physical factors of that tremendous epoch: the elusive, shifting frontiers; the trade routes by land and by sea; Indian warfare; economic and geographical conditions. We must also at least glance into the depths of Serra's soul. And we shall have to understand something of the way in which that soul was shaped, influenced and directed by his religion.

We should do this, I say, even if we don't believe as Serra did; because if bereft of its supernatural and miraculous element, Serra's story would lose its own soul, even as a story. It would lose its chief interest, and at least three-quarters of its romance and grimness and beauty would disappear. Serra would be reduced to a sort of historical automaton, a mere abstraction,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a name on a page; and surely if we wish to read about what Serra did, we also should wish to know what he was really like, and why he acted as he did.

Thus, so far as this most important thing about Serra is concerned, namely, his mysticism, it does not matter at all whether Palou was right when he declared that Serra prevented the abandonment of the Portolá expedition by praying for nine days and working a miracle, or if the historians are right when they say that Portolá, under his orders from Gálvez, would have kept at his job whether Serra had prayed for him to do so or not. It remains true that on the shore at San Diego, when scurvy and starvation and weakened wills all about him threatened the expedition with definite and probably final failure, Serra appealed to headquarters. These were not represented by the military commander, nor by the great Inspector General who inspired and directed Spain's last desperate rally to keep her American conquests intact: nor by the viceroy, nor the king of Spain above the viceroy: Serra prayed to God and by his prayers averted the abandonment of the conquest.

Moreover—and here the point goes deeper: it touches the soul of Serra, the very spirit of his story—had Portolá and his soldiers gone away; had Spain given up her belated and in the event foredoomed conquest and colonization of California, Serra would have stayed. He was a true Spaniard. He rejoiced to see the dominions of Spain spread afar, the farther the better; but above his pride of race and his patriotism he placed his religion. He was a Catholic missionary priest, a humble follower of Saint Francis, seeking and prizing above all other things, first the salvation of his own immortal soul, and next the saving of the souls of other men for Christ.

Serra's story, then, is threefold: he was, because his Franciscan order was, an instrument of the Spanish state, and as such he was one of the chief figures in that effort of the Spanish state which is interwoven so importantly with the story of the United States; secondly, he was a highly successful Christian missionary; and thirdly, he was an ascetic mystic who succeeded (I assert this of course purely as a personal opinion, with all due deference to the judgment of the Church) in what is incomparably the most difficult task that a human being may undertake, the quest of high sanctity.

SHAW'S NEW PLAY

By EDWARD J. MACDONALD

A SHAW festival has been inaugurated at Malvern, and Sir Barry Jackson, the prime mover, has all but confessed that he is following an example set at Bayreuth. That means, of course, that Shaw's work is to receive the privileges accorded to the mammoth work of Wagner; that Back to Methuselah is to be played in future with a dignity hitherto reserved for special performances of The Ring.

To mark the inauguration of what Sir Barry Jackson hopes will be a permanent institution, the dramatic critics of London were invited to travel by train to Malvern, to attend a private performance of The Apple Cart, Shaw's latest play, written specially for the festival and never before produced in England. That left the dramatic critics in a dilemma. They could hardly criticize the festival after a study of its window-dressing. In the end they compromised by reviewing The Apple Cart, as if it were the aim and object of the festival.

Being a dramatic critic in a small way, I went with them and propose to do as they did. I have seen Back to Methuselah played by the cast that is playing it at Malvern, produced under the same direction and in the same setting. I know that New York is familiar already with this biological pentateuch and by no means interested in actors whom New York can hardly be expected to know. So I shall write what I can about The Apple Cart and leave the purpose of its production severely alone.

Yet one difficulty must be mentioned. We traveled on a Sunday morning from the east to the west of England, went almost immediately into the theatre and remained there for as long a time as it took to travel. We were tired and the towering hill above us and the drowsy plain beneath formed a curious background for disquisitions on politics and philosophy. We had hurried from the city to the country (which we do not always see) to be plunged into matters of metropolitan moment, when we felt more like enjoying ruralities. If we nodded, blame the hill and the valley, not Shaw and our critical selves.

The curtain rose on an audience chamber in an English palace. Time had leapt forward a few centuries. Magnus III was on the English throne and a Labor government was so well established that most of the politicians had deserted Westminster for the city. Enter the Cabinet, bearing an ultimatum.

It appeared that the king had been guilty of unconstitutional practice by pointing out in a speech that he was allowed to veto acts of Parliament. To this the Cabinet (described subsequently by the king's favorite, Orinthia, as being like to an overcrowded railway carriage, while scenes during its deliberation were compared to a row in a fried-fish shop) naturally objected, demanding that the king should sign an undertaking not to speak again in public. But in the king's eyes, insistence on the veto, which was most unlikely to be exercised, was no worse a crime than the politician's insistence on a popular mandate, which could not be true except in theory. He let his ministers speak. He

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

spoke himself. It emerged that while he was ruled by them, they were ruled by the masters of big business outside the government. So, having shown that he, at least, could outwit those who could not outwit the effective rulers of the country, he dismissed them with a promise of an answer in the afternoon.

In this scene it was shown that England having invested her capital abroad was really at the disposal of American business. The English had become the most highly paid proletariat in the world, manufacturing luxuries in return for middle-class ease, virtually slaves, ground down by financiers and commercialists.

There followed a passage between the king and his favorite, who saw herself as the prospective queen of England, but who could not understand the distinctions he drew between himself as a king and himself as a man. Nor could she grasp his continued reliance on his consort, a placid, motherly soul who saw him solely as a man.

Before receiving the Cabinet for the second time, Magnus sat on the palace terrace with his wife, where he was favored with momentous news by the American ambassador. The Declaration of Independence had been revoked by the United States, which had now decided to become a British dominion on condition that the king ascended the throne as an emperor. The king wondered what would happen if England preferred to retain her individuality, but was assured that a blockade by the League of Nations would make that quite impossible. So the king thanked the ambassador for having communicated the news and proceeded to the conflict with his Cabinet.

Then it was learnt that Magnus refused to accept the ultimatum. Instead he would abdicate. The Cabinet agreed to this solution, until he announced that his son, who took no interest in politics, would succeed him and that he himself would stand for Parliament as a commoner. Once elected he would try to form a new party. The new king would have to choose a new government, and while he might send for the existing Prime Minister, he might possibly send for Magnus. The satisfaction of the Cabinet vanished. The Prime Minister tore up the ultimatum. As the ministers left, the king reminded them that they had neglected to consider the proposed merger with the United States.

Now I have set this out at some length, because the substance of The Apple Cart can be the substance of a fair critique. Shaw has shown us, in this play, a logical development of present circumstances, and has contrived his scenes with the dexterity and wit and force of destructive satire of which he is a master. But he has neglected to put anything in the place of what he has knocked down. He has played a game of skittles without bothering to total the score.

Three-quarters of The Apple Cart might have been written by Gilbert K. Chesterton, who for years has criticized the present order in the name of distributism while Shaw was criticizing it in the name of Socialism. Shaw, however, has cut off the label that once was fastened to his grip. Consequently we came out from the theatre without any clear idea of his destination.

Nevertheless, though I feel sure that Chesterton could have made a better play from the same materials by adding a positive to Shaw's negative, I am not in agreement at all with those who say that The Apple Cart is an indication of decline. It may suggest that Shaw is bewildered, or about to change his ground, or merely in an impish mood. It does not suggest for one moment that he is losing his power over his hearers in the theatre.

The Apple Cart contains no action. It can hardly be described as a play, according to classical definitions. But it does flow smoothly and clearly from point to point, like the argument in a brilliantly conducted debate. There may be no conclusion, but the discussion itself is both stimulating and illuminating.

Magnus, the king, is probably the most helpless king who has ever strutted on the stage. He is the ruler of a conquered country, himself surrounded by corruption, slavery, futility and evil. Yet he remains a king. The governing men, who themselves are governed by the money-makers, are no match at all for this Richard II with a stronger will. Deprived of all the usual trappings of royalty, even of authority, Magnus remains crowned and consecrated, the only man who can oppose a philosophy to a financial policy. The philosophy is within his mind, expressed by the actor rather than the dramatist, but it is all that Shaw could find to hold his play together.

Even so, The Apple Cart is the least play-like play that Shaw has given us. Situations are apparent rather than real, the characters sit around and talk as in a debating hall, and names and incidents are designed more for the sugar than for the pill. What really matters though is that the audience is not allowed to relax; that the scenes provoke arguments, if they do not arouse enthusiasm. And Bernard Shaw, who loves few things more than the semblance of victory in debate, must be permitted to say that he has written a play after his own heart.

Punchinello

A leaf moved up on me, like a tattered old sailor dropped from the long winds that bend over the hill,
Grey-cheeked, tobacco-browned, vaguely musty of cargoes of acorns and spider-silks woven in springtimes long dead.
How it tumbled about in a random way, stood on its leg of a broken stem,
Rattled a dry throat and lighted an empty pipe from a dying ember!
I would have given it a silver shilling, but it had no hands,
I would have dropped it safely into a warm cavern of quartz, but someone was watching,
I would have put it to my eye and seen God, while the slow train was belling like the cows coming down the lane—
Except that I am a fool.

HUGH DE BURGH.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WISCONSIN PLAN

By GEORGE WESTERVELT

Granting that the situation created by the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act demands a remedy, what ideas of improvement can be recommended to the public? In the following paper Mr. Westervelt makes the case for the so-called "Hardgrove plan," which advocates that states which are opposed to prohibition carry on the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages within their own boundaries. Whatever one may think of existing legislation regarding liquor, the present discussion can hardly fail to stimulate thought regarding what is certainly a vital civic problem.—The Editors.

THE suggestion of Mr. Gilbert D. Hardgrove, former president of the Milwaukee Bar Association, that the state of Wisconsin take over the dispensation of liquor within her borders, a suggestion which is strangely reflected in the now famous and somewhat cryptic Wickersham letter, leads upon analysis to some very interesting developments.

It has been variously commented upon by the press of the country, the general trend of the comment being summed up in the words "ingenious but impracticable." But it is not to be dismissed in such offhand fashion without a more careful consideration. As an experiment solely, it is worth careful examination. The Eighteenth Amendment and the whole principle of national prohibition have been an "experiment" in the science of government, and have been rightly so characterized by the highest authority. Thus far, this experiment, despite the specious pleas and excuses of its apologists and proponents, has proved itself a conspicuous failure. "Ingenious but impracticable!" So, indeed, has everything connected with prohibition and its enforcement been shown to be "impracticable," without, however, possessing any claim to the saving quality of being "ingenious." It is evident that something must be done speedily, some plan must be evolved, to relieve the present intolerable condition of affairs. Here is presented a plan which, if successful, bids fair to be an ideal solution of the entire liquor problem, and a relief from, if not a cure for, the manifold abuses and perils which prohibition has brought upon the land. It can readily be shown to be practicable; and it is at least worth considering, if, as I shall attempt to show and believe I shall succeed in showing, it is entirely within the law.

The Eighteenth Amendment provides (Section 1) that

> the manufacture, sale or transportation of intoxicating liquors within, the importation thereof into, or the exportation thereof from, the United States and all territory subject to the jurisdiction thereof for beverage purposes is hereby prohibited.

Section 2 provides that

> the Congress and the several states shall have concurrent power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

This would seem, at first blush, to settle the matter as far as any attempt by a state to conduct the sale and transportation of liquor within her own boundaries is concerned. But the prohibition of intoxicating liquors by the Amendment is not self-executing, and requires the enactment of appropriate legislation to enforce it. In the case of Wisconsin (and several other states) the only appropriate legislation is provided by what is popularly known as the Volstead Act. This provides (Chapter 2, Section 12):

> No person shall manufacture, sell, barter, transport, import, export, deliver, furnish or possess any intoxicating liquor except as authorized in this chapter and all provisions of this chapter shall be liberally construed to the end that the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage may be prevented.

Note well the language of this section. The prohibition is confined to a "person," and not by the most strained construction can it be contended that a state is a person in any sense of the term. In this case, moreover, we have a definite meaning given to the word.

Chapter 1, Section 4, subdivision 2 of the same Act contains this definition:

> The word "person" shall mean and include natural persons, associations, copartnerships and corporations.

Passing over for the moment the patent fact that the language and purport of this statute clearly transcend the power conferred by the Eighteenth Amendment, it is sufficient for our purpose at present to note that only "persons" are specifically forbidden to handle and deal in intoxicating liquors. A state obviously is not a natural person, an association or a copartnership. Also, it is not a corporation. A corporation is an artificial person created by law, or under the authority of law, and is always subject to the law or sovereignty which created it. A state, on the other hand, is a sovereignty in itself. It is superior to any law or any power outside of itself, except such as it has expressly delegated. There can be no argument and no room for difference upon this question.

There seems, however, to exist in the minds of many, especially in the minds of the citizens of those western states which have been carved out of the territory acquired by the United States under what is known as the Louisiana Purchase and that ceded to the United States by Mexico, an ill-defined and general notion that states are merely some sort of municipal divisions of the central government. This impression, vague and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nebulous as it is, has probably done more than anything else to becloud the whole discussion of the prohibition question, and to divert it into channels utterly irrelevant and aimless. It is therefore desirable that we should be clear upon this point.

The original thirteen states which formed the union were recognized by George III in the treaty which was entered into following the close of the War of the Revolution "to be free, sovereign and independent states." It was as such that they formulated their Articles of Confederation, and as such that the people of the several states subsequently ratified the constitution of the United States. In doing so, they granted to the United States only such rights and powers as were necessary properly to carry out the purposes set forth in its preamble. They also expressly reserved to themselves and the several states all rights which were not by the constitution delegated to the United States, or prohibited by it to the states. Among these rights was absolute and complete police power within their several and respective boundaries, and this right they have never, even by the terms of the Eighteenth Amendment, parted with. All states which have been admitted to the union since its formation have been admitted with the same rank and dignity, clothed with the same independent sovereignty, and possessed of the same reserved rights and powers as the thirteen states which originally formed the union.

It seems, therefore, abundantly clear that neither the Eighteenth Amendment nor the Volstead Act (even assuming that it were possible for them to do so) has divested the several states of their police power to control any traffic which they may deem fitting within their own borders. Even under the most radical interpretation of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act, in order to prevent a state from exercising this police power in relation to the control of the liquor traffic if it so desires, an entirely different law would have to be enacted, and an entirely different method of enforcement adopted. Under the existing law, which forbids a person to sell, barter, etc., and even "possess" any intoxicating liquor, there is nothing which could prevent a state from doing any or all of these things. And it is difficult to see how any law could be framed to prevent a state from handling or controlling the liquor traffic within its borders, which would not directly infringe upon that state's reserved police powers. In this case, it would bring the whole question up again in a new form before the Supreme Court, which perhaps might be the best thing that could possibly happen.

It is true that, under the authority of South Carolina vs. United States, 199 U. S. 437, the liquors sold by the state of Wisconsin, through its dispensaries, would be subject to the United States revenue taxes. This decision, however, did not hold that the United States could tax the instrumentalities of a sovereign state in the conduct of its governmental affairs. Neither, moreover, did it finally define or discriminate with exactitude between those things which are actual government affairs and are none the less commercial, although administered by the state. It did resort to some of the decisions of New York, Massachusetts and other states, pointing out the differences between sovereignties, instrumentalities of government and commercial operations. But it is entirely clear upon the point that the federal government is without power to tax a state or the instrumentalities of a state in the exercise of any of its sovereign powers.

In effect, the decision in the South Carolina case holds that, while the state has complete power over the liquor traffic within its borders and can exercise its sovereignty in this respect in any way and by any means it sees fit, the liquor held by it is nevertheless subject to internal revenue taxes by the United States, because the constitution empowers the federal government to impose excise taxes on the liquor itself. The decision seems to rest upon considerations of policy and expediency rather than upon abstract principles of law, as is lucidly pointed out by the dissenting opinion of Justice White, whose reasoning and statement of the law in the case are particularly illuminating.

But, be the taxing power what it may, if the sale and dispensation of liquor is controlled, managed and operated by the state government as a sovereign exercise of the right to control the dispensation of liquor under the state's police powers, it is fairly to be considered the exercise of a sovereign function. To tax a state's police affairs administered by its own agencies ought to be proscribed as a tax upon a state's governmental instrumentalities, which the Supreme Court in the South Carolina case clearly recognized as beyond the power of the federal government.

Thus, the state of Wisconsin may, if it so desire, place the dispensation of liquor in the hands of its police, and make it a state instrumentality for the preservation and protection of the health and general welfare of its people. If it should elect to do so it can carry out such functions within its domain without lawful interference on the part of the federal government, at least under its present laws. It could manufacture, transport and deliver liquors, wines and beers to appropriate places and customers in restricted quantities. It would be feasible for its police to inventory the character of all customers and their fitness to be trusted with liquor, and to sell only to such. It would be further feasible for them to enforce to the extent of bonded security the use of liquor by customers and the restrictions against customers themselves dispensing, giving or selling liquors to unlicensed customers or consumers. In fact, there is nothing connected with this plan which could not be worked out with reasonable efficiency, at a cost far less than the present abortive and unsuccessful efforts at enforcement of the Volstead Act, and with far less friction upon and resistance by the public at large.

The advantages of this plan are many. In the first place, it is practicable, which the methods of enforce-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment thus far adopted are not. No one who has any knowledge of the facts and who is not wilfully blind to them, pretends to believe that prohibition has done away with the traffic in liquor or ever can do away with it. So long as there is a demand for liquor on the part of a considerable minority, if not indeed a majority, of the people, it is manifestly impossible to suppress the trade in it. And this demand exists, and will continue to exist in an increased degree so long as the present efforts to suppress it continue. These very efforts tend rather to stimulate the demand than to lessen it. It is, besides, a natural, and within proper limits a wholesome demand, and should be regulated and not suppressed. Since it is impossible to prevent the traffic in liquor, it is expedient to regulate it and keep it within proper bounds so far as possible. The plan proposed is, so far as can be seen at present, the only one which, under the law as it now stands, can in any way accomplish this. It would at least make legal and bring within the control of the law acts which at the present time are constantly committed either clandestinely or in open defiance of the law.

It would completely correct the crying abuses which arise under the restriction placed upon physicians in prescribing for their patients, than which nothing in the present system is more outrageous and oppressive.

It would greatly lessen the cost of enforcement and at the same time furnish a considerable source of revenue to the government. By the elimination of the stupendous sums now expended in bribery and graft, the prices could be adjusted to compete with and defeat the bootleggers' trade and still pay handsome returns in profits to the state. This revenue could be legitimately applied to the expenses necessary to the effective administration of the law on a scale which would render graft unattractive, and still leave a margin of revenue to the state treasury.

This plan, therefore, as has been remarked above, would seem to offer an ideal solution of the present inextricable tangle in which prohibition has involved the whole country. With the Amendment engrafted upon the constitution—the repeal of which, if not impossible, is at least remote—and with the present law standing as it does, this plan could legally be put into operation, and given a tryout. That it would encounter bitter opposition from at least one powerful class in the community, viz., the bootleggers, goes without saying. It would undermine and ruin their enormously profitable trade. That they would also be ably supported by the Anti-saloon League and allied organizations is equally certain. But if the plan, after a fair trial, should prove to be successful, the same plan or a similar one founded upon the same principles, could be adopted and employed in other states.

That something must be done, some plan evolved, and that soon, to relieve the present intolerable and chaotic condition of affairs, is evident. Unless some sane and reasonable solution of the problem is arrived at, a situation will shortly develop which will eventually either breed revolution or will utterly disintegrate and destroy our dual form of government. This plan offers such a solution.

THE BROTHER AND THE ROOSTER

By DOROTHY DAY

IT WAS hard for old Brother Stanislaus to get used to new ways, the new rule, of the religious house in America to which he had been transferred. Every morning he arose at five and went to the chapel for half an hour's meditation. After Mass there were fifteen minutes for thanksgiving and half an hour for spiritual reading. Then before breakfast he had time to milk one of the cows. After breakfast there were fifteen minutes in which to say the Joyful Mysteries, then there were the other cows to milk and put out in the fields, and work in the vegetable and flower gardens until twelve, when there was another half-hour for spiritual reading before dinner. It was good to sit in peace and calm and cool off a bit, and very often Brother Stanislaus napped soundly instead of reading, which was but a venial sin, since it was without due deliberation and full consent of the will.

After dinner there were the Sorrowful Mysteries to be recited, followed by three-quarters of an hour of recreation. The long afternoon was spent in the garden or fields, or in the winter at carpentering or house cleaning. There was always plenty to do.

Supper was at six-thirty and the Glorious Mysteries completed the rosary for the day. Recreation followed, but Brother Stanislaus always used his time to water the garden. There was never enough rain. Evening prayers were at nine and the bell for retiring was rung at nine-thirty.

The Polish brother soon learned to speak English as well as he spoke French or Italian, though never as well as he did his own language.

There were twenty-five novices, five lay brothers and three fathers in the House of Our Lady of the Sea. When the work was heavier than usual the fathers and novices joined in, making hay, cutting lawns and weeding the garden. For the first five years Brother Stanislaus was in America, he worked with the animals and vegetables. There were five cows, two horses, some ducks and chickens. It was hard for him to make friends with the other lay brothers who were much younger than he. But one dear friend Brother Stanislaus had among his charges and that was a young rooster, which he had raised and petted until it grew to know him and used to come and perch on his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shoulder when he called. Every morning when he went to open the door of the chicken coop, it ran out to him, crowing in a friendly manner, strutting before him and showing off its fine feathers.

"God has given us a very fine morning," Brother Stanislaus would say to his little brother, the rooster. "Now if He will only send us a good shower this afternoon so that I won't have to water the garden tonight, I'll be very happy. My arms ache from carrying those heavy watering cans."

And the rooster crowed lustily as though to say, "Let us praise God at any rate. Whatever He does is very good."

At the end of five years Brother Stanislaus was transferred to the kitchen to work as cook with the help of another brother to do dishes and set the tables. This was a time of hardship for him. He had no great love for food, and he did love the out-of-doors and his animals. There was barely time in the morning to go out and greet his rooster before he had to start breakfast. The huge pot of oatmeal had to boil for an hour and there had to be tea, coffee and chocolate. There was time for Mass and spiritual reading during the meal, but there seemed to be no time for the half-hour of meditation.

Since he believed with Saint Teresa that the devil would shun anyone who was given to this devotion, it upset him to think he had to miss his morning exercise. It was impossible for him to get up earlier than the rising hour of five. He was an old man and very tired at the end of the day. So he had to take to meditation while he waited for the breakfast to cook.

"Good Saint Joseph, don't let my oatmeal burn," he would murmur, every now and then as he paced up and down the kitchen meditating on the Visitation, or the Four Last Things. And Saint Joseph watched over the stove and by seven the oatmeal was done to a turn and not sticking, at that—so that the pan was not hard to wash.

During the long winter it was not so hard to work in the kitchen. The big range heated up the room and it was pleasant to come into the kitchen in the morning from the icy bedrooms and the cold chapel. The singing of the tea kettle, the bubbling of the boiling potatoes and the noisy crackling of the roast in the oven were pleasant accompaniments to the peeling of vegetables and the cleaning off of closet shelves.

The worst thing about the kitchen work was that it was never finished. There was food to be prepared and cooked and the pots and pans to wash, and the kitchen to sweep and mop and the shelves and drawers to clean out and the windows to wash and the fire to keep up. Every minute of Brother Stanislaus's day was taken up. In the winter it was easier because the kitchen was a comfortable place—and because canned goods were used, which made it unnecessary to clean and prepare so many vegetables.

But summer was a time of penance. The long hot days made the stove a torture rather than a comfort. The kitchen was like a furnace with its three windows facing east and no direct draught through. The fresh vegetables to prepare for thirty-five people made the work seem interminable, and when the work of preparing vegetables and fruits for immediate consumption was done, there was the work of canning them.

Life was hard but Brother Stanislaus endured it all cheerfully, smiling at the thought that by his present sufferings he was expiating his sins here on earth instead of in purgatory. He was glad to suffer, happy in his discomfort. And when the orchestra of cicadas made the air ring with their hot tunings, he took his vegetables out on the back porch or sat on the grass under the trees in order that he might the better hear them at their work of praising God. He was happy even in the sound of the buzzing flies. Their hot drone reminded him of Italy.

There was always time, too, for visits with his little brother the rooster. Sometimes a moment before breakfast, another visit to throw the chickens their vegetable peelings. After supper, during recreation time, Brother Stanislaus sat on an old stump under a tree smoking his pipe and conversing with his friend.

He was alone in the world, very much alone on his pilgrimage. Once in a while he thought of an early boyhood friend of his in the religious house in France. They delighted in holy conversation, and used to vie with each other in making up spiritual bouquets to give to each other and to offer up to God. They loaned each other books—they read nothing but devotional works—which took them months to read and ponder and converse about. They delighted when the work was hard, and when there was not enough work, they spent long hours on their knees, even when their souls were dry and it seemed as though only meaningless words came from their hearts. When it was a struggle to pray, they delighted in prayer the more, because it was an added hardship overcome for the love of God.

But now Brother Stanislaus was all alone in this world and very sad. It seemed to him a mournful thing to be unhappy in a world which was often so beautiful, but he accepted his unhappiness and lack of consolation with resignation.

" 'Life is but a night spent in a wretched inn,' " he said with Saint Teresa.

When he was very lonely he tried to dwell on thoughts of heaven and the companionship of the saints he would have there. When he cooked he cooked with loving care, as though for Saint Francis of Assisi and Saint Clare, Saint Anthony and Brother Juniper. He liked to offer his food to the Holy Family, giving Mary a respite from her humble work, and when he had made a nice supper, he used to say, "There, Saint Teresa, it's a wretched inn, I'll agree with you—but here's a nice supper for you to sit down to after your journeyings."

But though he believed and practised in the communion of saints, he did not realize that his little rooster had more reality for him. His rooster be-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

came his companion, his treasure and his toy. When it came and perched on his knee, he talked to it as a little girl talks to her pet doll, he handled it lovingly as a bibliophile handles a precious volume; he exulted in the markings and shading of the bird.

Brother Gerard was a younger man than Brother Stanislaus, and had taken his place in the care of the cows, the chickens and the garden. He was a hard-working boy, but often absent-minded and careless, and when one morning Brother Stanislaus heard one of the fathers tell him to kill some roosters for Sunday dinner, he resolved to be present in the barnyard and help Brother Gerard catch the roosters.

"Be careful of my little friend out there," he called to the other brother as he was scalding out the milk cans in the pantry. "Be sure and let me know when you want to catch them and I'll come and help you."

But Brother Stanislaus spoke such broken English that it was hard for others to understand him, and since Brother Gerard was busily engaged while he worked in saying some extra prayers for a special intention, he scarcely listened.

"He is too holy," Brother Stanislaus muttered to himself over the dish pan. "He is as bad as Brother Juniper."

During the course of the morning he ran out often to the barnyard which was quite far away from the house, but always Brother Gerard was somewhere else, so that he could not see him to remind him again.

By noon, Brother Stanislaus had scorched the beans, burnt the roast and worked himself into a state of grievous irritation against life and Brother Gerard.

It was always hot and messy work, killing chickens, and Brother Gerard wanted to get it done before dinner so that he would not have that task to look forward to during the rest of the day. So while Brother Stanislaus was confined to the kitchen during the last critical half-hour before dinner, the other brother caught his chickens and killed them, saying fifty Hail Marys while he did so, to make the nauseous work easier.

Brother Stanislaus could eat nothing in his fear and uncertainty, and since the rule of silence was observed during meals he could not reassure himself.

Immediately after, ignoring the bell for prayers in the chapel, he made his way to the barnyard. His heavy cassock which he put on just before he left the kitchen, over the denim kitchen apron in his hurry, twined about his legs and impeded his hurried step. He stumbled up the little hill, and slipped on the newly cut grass which cluttered the narrow path, so that he fell to his knees. His heart was constricted and he panted as he hurried along.

When he reached the yard and called, his little brother the rooster did not answer him. He could not have escaped so Brother Stanislaus knew the worst.

Sitting down heavily on the stump of the old tree, he felt the world suddenly very empty about him. Song sparrows were singing in the trees overhead and in the fields the meadow lark trilled her piercingly sweet tune. The cicadas, the bees, the buzzing flies, even the stirring of the leaves sounded unfeelingly gay and hostile to Brother Stanislaus. The sunlight was brazen and the wind jeered among the laughing leaves. His hands trembled as he took out his old pipe, and his heart was bitter and angry within him. His little pet, his tender joyous little rooster, who alone out of all the world had a loving heart for him, was gone. Brother Stanislaus wept.

He sat there for a long time, while the numb feeling turned to anger and the anger turned to remorse. He sat there still longer to say some prayers for the brother whom he had been hating so fiercely. He said them unfeelingly, because he knew he ought to say them, and he prayed for a heart of flesh to take the place of the stone in his breast.

"It is God's will," he kept murmuring, and finally he knew indeed that it was God's will, and was able to get up and go back to his pots and pans in the kitchen.

Two days later as he put his little friend in the pot on the stove for a fricassee, he said to him, "You are all I had, and I am offering you as a present to God. God alone knows what a lonely old man I am."

And that day, in some mysterious fashion, God made himself felt to the old lay brother, and his heart, as he wrestled with pots and pans, was full of joy.

FATHER RYAN OF THE SOUTH

By HOWARD MERIWETHER LOVETT

TO HAVE gained the title of poet laureate of the lost cause, and that cause immortal in the pages of history; to have become a household name in a great section of the country—specifically the eleven states comprising the solid South; and to have held the distinction for generations is unique in the realm of American letters. This was Father Ryan's achievement.

There is a distinct loss to the modern reader who turns from his name, classing him as merely Catholic or Civil War poet; for the range of his genius covered a wider appeal than any other American poet of his day. A brief review of his career shows the breadth of his sympathies and activities.

Father Ryan was born of Irish parents, Matthew and Mary A. Couglin Ryan, who emigrated to this country between the years 1828 and 1838. A daughter, Ellenor, known in Religion as Sister Mary Herman, was born in the parish of Clonmel, Tipperary, Ireland, in 1828, and entered Saint Joseph's Community, Carondelet, Saint Louis, Missouri, in 1846. Father Ryan was baptized Matthew Abraham, and it is not improbable that he was called Abram at home in order to avoid confusion for his father was named Matthew. At confirmation he received the name of Joseph, and henceforth never used his first baptismal name, Matthew. Curiously, tradition adds to the record the item that six months intervened between his birth and baptism and that, during this early period of life, he was so frail he had to be carried on a pillow.

The Ryan family removed to St. Louis while Abram was a lad and he was sent for schooling to the Christian Brothers. His ecclesiastical studies were pursued at Niagara University, New York. He then entered the Vincentian Order at Germantown, Pennsylvania. Entering the novitiate in 1854, he made his vows November 1, 1856, and left the community in September, 1862 for service as chaplain in the Confederate army. Father

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ryan suffered and sorrowed with the South as patriot, and to this was added personal grief in the loss of a brother, a young Confederate soldier.

Authorities are agreed that as Chaplain in the war, he was a free lance. There is not to be found a complete record of enlistments in the Confederate army, all the muster rolls that did not fall into the hands of federal troops having been previously destroyed. We are, therefore, grateful to the journalist who left a brief but precious note on Father Ryan in the war. A war correspondent for a London daily, with credentials from President Davis, went from Richmond to General Bragg's headquarters at Chattanooga. On November 21, 1863, he wrote as follows: "Father Ryan arrived at camp; his orderly, Miles Driscoll, brought me to him . . . . The battle followed. Father Ryan ministered to the wounded. His orderly, dying, met his sister, a nun, who was tending the wounded. They had not seen each other since she had given him a pair of scapulars in Baltimore after leaving Ireland." A touching and tragic picture of the devotion of priest and nun on the battlefield.

Of distinguished presence was this chaplain in military cloak. He is remember by a venerable priest, now patient in a Philadelphia hospital, as he was in vigorous manhood: "A person of commanding presence, dark, with the eagle look of the Indian, his black hair thrown back from a noble brow." This priest, Father Eckles, is living witness to the ministry of Father Ryan. He tells with trembling voice and tearful eyes how Father Ryan had once nursed him when, a visitor to New Orleans, he had been stricken with dengue fever.

Father Ryan not only ministered to the soldiers on battlefield and in hospital, but he gave vent to that "uncontrollable divine impulse to sing the emotions of his soul," and it was thus he voiced for his people the true measure of their hero, Robert E. Lee, and pronounced a requiem of the lost cause in those prophetic lines, The Conquered Banner. The name of the gifted young priest became a household word throughout the South. The deep sincerity and emotion of these poems came as consolation to the defeated, lifting suffering to the vision of glory without victory.

Soon after the war Father Ryan was stationed at Saint Patrick's Church, Augusta, Georgia, and his practical energies were employed in editing a periodical published in that city, called The Banner of the South. This Catholic weekly, with "Pro Deo et Patria" as its motto, was issued for two years and seven months. It had what was considered a vast circulation, and its editorials were quoted by the sectarian and non-sectarian press throughout the country. This was a notable achievement in the South at that time, but Father Ryan's failing health caused him to give up the enterprise, and the paper passed into oblivion.

Father Ryan knew southern life in all its phases. Sometimes after saying Mass at Augusta, he would journey to Macon, perhaps say Mass in that city also, and take the train for the Ward plantation thirty miles away, where lived the only Catholic family in the entire country. This was the childhood home of a Sister of Mercy, at Mount de Sales Academy, Macon, who well remembers the visits of Father Ryan. The grandmother of that old-fashioned home was his devoted friend and hostess. Here in the parlor Father Ryan would say Mass for the family; and often he would sit at the melodeon playing old tunes and improvising new ones . . . . Then he would get a pencil and having seized any random book or scrap of paper would give vent to his thoughts and feelings in verse. "Paper was very scarce in those lean days in the South," says the Sister of Mercy; "Many poems of the dear priest which have never been published were written on the fly-leaves of books of history or novels in our library. These cherished books perished in a fire . . . . After our family moved to Macon, Father Ryan was a frequent visitor at my grandmother's home."

As priest, poet and patriot, Father Ryan was known and loved, but his name was spoken as a household word with awe and veneration during the years when the South felt other scourges besides war. In the yellow fever epidemics he gave unstinted service to humanity, working tirelessly as priest in the stricken section at Memphis and Murfreesboro, Tennessee, Augusta, Georgia, and Mobile, Alabama. In this service he knew no creed or race, ministering to all within his reach. It was said that he seemed to revel in the occasion thus offered to sacrifice his life for his brother man. "Spurning danger, he went where few dared venture. Shielded by the talisman of his trust in God and his love for God's suffering creatures, he stood by the bedside of the forsaken, spoke to them who were crossing the borderland as he alone could speak, and closed the eyes, folded the hands and whispered over the freshly dug grave a last benediction."

There were many activities in this life of one who went about doing good. Father Ryan lectured throughout the country to raise funds for needy widows and orphans of the late confederacy . . . . In his latter years there was peace. Decline of health caused him to give up his pastoral charge and retire to a quiet retreat on the Gulf of Mexico. Here he spent his time writing, hunting and rambling in the woods. He had in preparation a Life of Christ. Emerging occasionally from his "sea retreat" he would give a sermon or lecture. He was always in demand. Invitations besieged him not only from the United States but Canada and Mexico. In 1885 he set out on a lecture tour for these countries, and from that day found no rest until he answered the final summons at the Fransiscan Monastery in Louisville, Kentucky, April 22, 1886.

Father Ryan knew "life's uttermost extremes," and to full experience was added that inner mystic sense so precious to the spiritual-minded. In the volume of his collected poems may be found tenderness and emotion to touch the heart, and sympathy to bring consolation from a great soul who had sorrowed with humanity and with divine compassion labored all the days of his life.

Prayer for a Vestment-Maker

Hands that clothed Your liegemen well
Feeble grow, and eyes
Quick to catch an erring thread
Look to paradise.

Lips that loved to speak of You
Falter, lacking breath.
(Christ, be very kind to her,
Bid Your angel, Death,
Gently draw aside the veil
She's been peering through
All these faithful years and fruitful
For a glimpse of You!)

Wardrobe Mistress of Christ's kingdom,
Choose a radiant thing
To be vesture for a lady
Who is seamstress to the King.

ROSEMARY KATHRYN BEATTIE.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMUNICATIONS

THE DOWNWARD DESCENT OF MAN

Hampton Falls, N. H.

TO the Editor:—My article on The Downward Descent of Man, which appeared in The Commonweal, has called forth adverse criticism—due in part, it may be, to the fact that I did not make my meaning sufficiently clear.

First let me state that I am by inheritance, birth and upbringing a Unitarian who has received from Catholicism truths that are lacking in my own religion. I firmly believe that the Bible is the word of God, also that the teachings of Confucius, Buddha and Mohammed were inspired by God; but that in the Bible, as in those others, only that small portion of the truth could be granted us which we could understand. A child may say, "I asked my father and he said so and so, and that settles it." If the child's father had told all, the child's mind would have been so confused as to fail to grasp even one small point of the whole. In similar manner, if the whole truth about creation were set before us in the simplest possible words, we could not grasp it, for "now we see as through a glass, darkly." Philosophers and scientists of all ages are forever muddled and perplexed in their attempts to solve what are probably very simple truths, but I fail to see that the attempt can work any great harm, even though we fail to prove one single fact.

I do not believe that man was descended from the apes. No missing link has ever been found. The most ancient human skulls known to science are just as highly developed as are those of today. Neither am I absolutely convinced that the apes are descended from man, but I think it exceedingly probable.

The bones found by Dr. E. Dubois on the banks of the Solo River in central Java, might be taken as evidence pointing in this direction. It seems never to have been fully proved whether the deposit in which these bones were found was Pleiocene, the more recent Pleistocene, or an even more recent sand deposit washed down by river floods. If either of the latter, then they could not possibly represent a missing link in the upward development from animal to man, but might very well be classed as a degenerate specimen half-way down between the two. If, as Dr. Dubois believed, these bones were parts of one skeleton, then they represent a being heavy-jawed, of erect stature, as tall as a tall man. Bones found in South Africa also come under this class.

When I read the narratives of the explorers of earlier generations, I am most vividly impressed by their plain statement of facts, as by the observations of clear-sighted, straight-thinking outdoor men, which can be classed neither as fables nor exaggerations.

Is there anything in the teaching of the Bible to refute the supposition that the people of some long-past civilization, through luxury and sin, forfeited their immortal souls and became as beasts?

As regards evolution, embryology, the biogenetic law: each one of us is at liberty to believe or disbelieve; any attempt at positive proof one way or the other is utterly hopeless on the face of it. For my own part I accept them as natural laws and believe that I am on the side of the great majority of scientific men. When I observe the development of individual insects, says bees or ants, from the larva to the mature insect, passing from one stage to another each closely resembling the mature state of some inferior species, I am led to believe both in evolution and the biogenetic law, and feel that I am a humble witness of the act of Divine creation still in progress.

I have watched the young flounders less than an inch in length swimming as other fish do with the backbone on top and the digestive organs beneath, colored alike on both sides and with one eye on each side of the head. In a few weeks they will all be swimming on one side; the lower side quickly turns white while the upper side retains the protective coloring of the sea sand. The eye on the lower side gradually works its way around across the top of the skull and takes up a permanent position beside its mate, and for the remainder of its life the flounder either swims in this position or lies flat on the sandy bottom. If you try flounder fishing during your summer vacation at the seaside, you will catch flounders that are pale grey on the upper side, where the bottom is sandy, dark grey where it is muddy in the tide-water creeks, and mottled where the bottom is rocky.

Until within the last forty years, about the only insect pests of cattle here in New England were the stable fly and the green head; then the little buffalo fly came from the West, a minute, humpbacked, glossy black fly. In the years which have passed since then, this species has actually changed and now more nearly resembles a miniature stable fly, having increased slightly in size, lost its hump back and developed longer wings. Its habits also appear to have changed to a certain degree, for these flies now scatter over the backs of the cattle instead of clustering in masses at the base of the horns as they formerly did. Whether this change is limited to our eastern states owing to climatic conditions, or has occurred all over the country because of the change of feeding ground of the flies from the long, shaggy-haired bison to the shorter-haired domestic cattle, I do not know. As is well known, Indian corn or maize was not raised in Europe until after the discovery of America. We have always had a native borer in this country, but it has worked little harm owing to its small size and the fact that it seldom has more than one brood in a season. The European species is somewhat larger, differently marked, has several broods each year and is exceedingly destructive. Something like ten years ago it was brought to this country, and at once began to work great damage to the growing corn. In the years which have passed since then, this species—always held to be distinct—seems, if my own power of observation is to be depended upon, to have grown more to resemble the American corn borer so that now I find it difficult to identify specimens found in my own cornfield. Its reproductive power has also diminished and it now as a rule has but one brood in a season. Is it not reasonable to suppose that the American borer was first brought to Europe with the introduction of corn from this country, and that there it developed a different shape and markings and became more prolific, and that when brought back to this country, it tended to revert to the original form?

It appears to be a rule that people living in a climate of little sunlight are of the blond type; while those living under clearer skies have darker eyes and hair. The Eskimos north of thn Arctic circle, in spite of their long winter night, are exposed to twice as many hours of sunlight in the course of a year as are the inhabitants of Great Britain or Sweden under their Gulf Stream clouds. All the old families of my native town are of British stock, cases of intermarriage with any other race are exceedingly rare, except with the descendants of a Scandinavian colony which moved to a neighboring town in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1812. Nearly all of our present generation have dark hair in mature life. A somewhat smaller proportion have dark eyes; yet at birth and in early childhood blue eyes and light hair are almost invariable. Undoubtedly the change is owing to our clearer skies with the sunlight dazzlingly reflected in winter from snow-covered fields.

As I have remarked before, neither science nor philosophy can hope to go very far in unraveling the snarl which seems to encompass us, so long as they depend wholly upon human reason for a guide. For example, what could be simpler than the dimensions of time and space? Only two answers are logically possible. Either they have a limit, or they have not: both equally inconceivable to the human mind. The circle coming round on itself, and the ascending spiral, still leave a space around and beyond them to be filled.

In the eighties and nineties of the last century, scientific naturalists endeavored to make a distinction between human reason and animal instinct. My lifetime of close study of animals leaves me convinced that man has reason and instinct, animals, instinct and reason; that the difference between man's reason and that of the more intelligent animals is no greater than that between the reasoning powers of individual men.

It is a fully recorded fact that when this country was first settled, foxes could be easily caught by simply setting a steel trap baited and uncovered anywhere in the woods. Nowadays the trapper scents his gloves, his boots and the traps and covers the trap and his tracks with the greatest care; and yet even though favorable rainfall or light snow follow, he very seldom succeeds in outwitting the fox. It is not simply a matter of avoiding the trap or the hunter's trail. Foxes have a habit of following in the footsteps of trappers, wood-choppers or the casual stroller in the woods, and when they find a trap set for them, frequently drag it by the chain from beneath its cover of dead leaves, turn it bottom up and spring it, in order to get the bait or else to render it harmless to the younger members of their own family. For while the young foxes either by inherited experience or the teaching of their parents, are infinitely shrewder in this matter than were their ancestors, they are more easily trapped than are the old ones. I am inclined to think that any fox of the present generation, depending for its safety on instinct only, would be very short-lived.

A neighbor once told me he was trying to trap a fox that was stealing his chickens, and he said: "If that old fox didn't know any more than you or I do, Cram, I could get him easy enough. I could set a trap in your haymow and have you by the leg the very next morning."

WILLIAM EVERETT CRAM.

HONOR TO M. JULES-BOIS

New Canaan, Conn.

TO the Editor:—Your readers, I am sure, will be exceedingly gratified to hear of the signal honor that has been conferred upon a contributor to The Commonweal, M. Jules-Bois. A Chevalier of the Legion of Honor for some time, M. Jules-Bois has just been promoted to the rank of Officer of the Legion of Honor because of the distinction of his literary work. Poet, playwright, novelist and lecturer, M. Jules-Bois has consistently worked for a real understanding between America and France, and his promotion in the Legion is evidence that his good work has been recognized by the French government.

His colleagues among the writers of America will also be gratified by the honor conferred upon M. Jules-Bois. At the MacDowell Colony, Peterboro, New Hampshire, where the telegram from the French embassy bringing the news of his promotion was read, enthusiasm was expressed by the many artists who were present—among them Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson. Recently M. Jules-Bois's play, The Two Helens, was produced at Columbia University with memorable success. Even more than by the announcement of his promotion, those who have read M. Jules-Bois's articles or have heard his lectures will be gratified by the announcement that two books by him are to be published this autumn—a book on psychology dealing with the superconscious as a regenerating force in human personality, and a novel treating of a movement toward fraternity among the nations after the world war.

PADRAIC COLUM.

IN SAECULA SAECULORUM

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Pious books warn Christians against "vainglory." W. Esdaile Byles almost credits me with inventing "diocesan." It was old when all of us were young; "clarum et venerabile nomen." Occasionally we hear "diocesan seminary," annually "diocesan collection"—Cathedraticum moves nobody to generosity.

The sentence borrowed from Ullathorne was not an isolated idea; a dozen times he labors it; evidenced in the two volumes of his life and letters by Father Butler, O.S.B. Good reading; some sassy stuff for those who relish "back-stairs" diplomacy, or sidewalk gossip.

W. Esdaile Byles writes: "The diocesan clergy are the ordinary ministers of the sacraments, and the other secular clergy are special guard regiments, etc." A confusion of terms. Also, "diocesan fails," if so, why use it?

Diocesan clergy are subject to the bishop; his jurisdiction is limited to his diocese, other clergy to their superiors who may shift them from Hell Gate to the Golden Gate, or to the North Pole.

There is room and work enough for everybody in the Church. She humors all, because she has a divine sense of humor. Hats off to any priest, regular or diocesan, who gathers up the driftwood of his parish—postulates the ordinary "ad cautelam"—a long story in code. "In the world, not of it"—"the salt of the earth" are points for meditation—a bitter part, "if the salt shall lose its savor"—the better part: "no longer servants but friends." In saecula saeculorum, Amen!

REV. PETER MORAN.

THE FOREIGN-BORN IN POLITICS

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—The "100 percent American organizations" constantly complain that our difficulty in obtaining honest and efficient municipal government is due to the foreign-born population in our midst.

Professor Charles Edward Merriam in his book, Chicago: A More Intimate View of Urban Politics, says: "Any sustained experience dispels the illusion so commonly entertained for almost a century that the ignorant foreigner is at the bottom of our municipal ills. Native American communities like Philadelphia and Cincinnati are in no manner superior in political behavior to New York and Chicago, with their high degree of complexity, to say nothing of native American communities in certain sections of the South."

Apparently native American communities need to be educated in the art of government as well as those with a large foreign-born population.

HOWARD W. TONER.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Symptoms of a Season

MR. BROOKS ATKINSON, one of the most studious and at the same time provocative critics of the New York daily press, has just reiterated, in a slightly different form, the thoughts which Theresa Helburn, executive director of the Theatre Guild, gave forth last spring. These thoughts, which have found a responsive echo in many quarters during the theatrical dog-days of summer, center around the idea that the advent of talking pictures promises to be a boon to all that is best in the theatre, even though it may seriously hurt the "theatre business."

This line of argument—which by now has become a composite line emanating from many sources—runs somewhat as follows: The talkies have established a genuine popularity, in spite of obvious defects and the fact that they are still experimental. They will undoubtedly continue to draw increasing crowds. But their line of best endeavor seems to be in plays of the more popular order—plays of action, of mystery or of swiftly moving comedy, including musical plays. Because of their technical scope they are better equipped than the stage to lend realism and variety to entertaining plots. They can show more scenes, follow action more surely and completely, take one into the outdoors, or from the roof to the cellar of a house. In other words, they can take a plot which does not work very well on the conventional stage because of limitations of stage setting and scene shifting, and give it credible life. The off-stage event, which so often robs a stage play of much of its effectiveness, is almost unknown to the talkies. They are, then, a definite and almost unique medium for giving to plot its full expansion.

But the theatre has another function quite as important as plot, and that is the conveying of the finer nuances of thought and emotion, the subtler expressions of character, and that fine ecstasy which—whether we encounter it in verse or in prose—we recognize at once as poetry. It seems almost impossible, from the inherent mechanical nature of the talkies, that they will ever be able to rival the theatre in the exercise of this particular function. It is possible that a war play of such elementary emotional appeal as Journey's End might be given adequate expression in the talkies, but who can imagine a competent screen production of Chekhov's The Sea Gull, or of O'Neill's The Great God Brown, or of any of Ibsen's plays of inner character? The talkies may some day be excellent for conveying emotion, whenever it can be done through objective action or situation, but the play which turns on inner character rather than external action will always demand, as will the play that seeks to express fine thought cogently, the warmth and spontaneity and immediacy of the actor on the speaking stage.

Mr. Atkinson compares the future audience of the theatre with the audience for finer literature today. You will find in the theatre, he suggests, the class of people who devour Dimnet's The Art of Thinking, or who have turned many recent biographies and books of philosophic discussion into best sellers. And the hope he finds in the theatre's future lies precisely in the fact that this class of people, instead of being tightly limited, is rapidly expanding to proportions that will be able to give the theatre its economic sinews. The talkies will take care of that type of entertainment-seeker to whom the "theatre business"—meaning the purely commercial manager—has catered in the past. The talkies can do all that he has done and much more besides. The entertainment industry, in other words, is definitely passing from the stage to the screen, leaving the true art of the theatre a new freedom for development and a special audience of its own. In many cases, the same people will be found in both audiences. The poet often enjoys a good detective story. Variety stimulates all but the most thin-soiled high-brows. There will be a right wing of exclusive theatre-goers, as earnest and as stupid as most extreme right wings, a centre group that will seek its entertainment and stimulus from every valid source with fine catholicity of taste and emotional judgment, and a popular left wing, approximately as stupid as the right, which will go only to the talkies, just as it now reads only cheap novels and finds the summit of its culture in suburbiana and Rotary.

The present season may well prove to be a preliminary test for the soundness of the argument I have just summarized. I am inclined to think that a clear-cut line between dramatic material that is essentially of the stage and another kind essentially of the screen will never be established. There will, I am sure, be plays, even of a serious character, which will achieve unexpected power under the improved technique of the talking screen. Bernard Shaw evidently looks forward to a possible day when his own talk orgies may find a place upon the improved screen. And there will be many simple stories—Journey's End is a good example of the type—which the theatre will never relinquish wholly to the screen. There will probably be this centre zone in dramatic presentations just as there will be in the audiences themselves. But allowing for this does not rob the main suggestion of its interest. It is still reasonably plain that the theatre will have to be on its very best behavior if it is to hold any sizable audience at all, and that this necessity will bring a much higher level of theatrical experiment that the last few years have witnessed among commercial showmen. The competition of the talkies will most certainly be a boon to lovers of fine theatre, and in a sense which the silent screen could never achieve because as a medium, it was quite distinct and apart from the stage.

Fortunately, to meet the new demands on the theatre, we have the emergence of organizations capable of grappling with them. The Theatre Guild is already a lusty group with operations extending over the country, and troubled only by an immature mental attitude which, like some psychic imp, makes it perpetrate every now and then bits of sheer twaddle or tinseled dirt. Eva La Gallienne's Civic Repertory Theatre is gaining yearly in power, scope and effectiveness. And, in other parts of the country, there are plenteous signs that the type of local civic theatre established by Jessie Bonstelle in Detroit is making headway. There is even talk of a chain of such theatres working together informally with exchange of casts and productions. These theatres differ from the old-fashioned stock companies in many important respects. Miss Bonstelle, for example, maintains two complete companies. Each production lasts two weeks, giving the company that is not playing a reasonable time to perfect itself in rehearsal. Special midweek afternoon and evening performances of more serious plays give still further chance for developing the taste of audiences and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the abilities of the actors. The turmoil of the old stock group, giving a new play each week and rehearsing the following week's play at the same time, is utterly absent. Local theatres founded on this idea, and maintaining close contact with the main centres, even to the extent of serving as try-out bases for new plays, should give new vitality to the refreshed theatre which the talkies—thanks be, etc!—are forcing upon us.

It's a Wise Child

HAVING palmed off The Bachelor Father on New York, David Belasco has opened his new season with this exceedingly well-written comedy based on the theme that a young and unmarried girl can throw consternation into many quarters by announcing to her family and friends the sheer fiction that she is about to become a mother. Once the superficial cleverness of the lines is granted, and the excellent technical structure of the play, it hardly seems necessary to go into detailed discussion of the demerits of the theme. Perhaps the only point worth repeating is one which is timeworn to readers of this department—namely that the inferences from a light comedy of this general order are always more destructive of sound thinking than the most blatantly outspoken serious treatment of the same theme. We happen to be living in an age that seeks primarily to dodge responsibility and that austere word "consequences." Farce comedy that treats our responsibility toward the unborn as a joke gives far more impetus to this popular attitude than any play, no matter how brutal in its language and situations, that traces a life or a group of lives through from cause to result. (At the Belasco Theatre.)

Jerry for Short

WILLIAM A. GREW has written here a harmless and passably entertaining little comedy in which Fiske O'Hara and Patricia Quinn besport themselves in pleasant vein and with no pretense of doing more than providing a somewhat old-fashioned entertainment. There is nothing in it to stimulate one's laggard brain or to tax in the least one's deeper emotions. The situations are too trite and the working out of the plot is too artificial to provoke serious comment. There is a wide, wide gulf between plays of this sort and the entrancing human comedies of Quintero. Nevertheless, I can assure you that if you are not in an exacting mood, and are willing to be lulled by a pleasant sense of good nature, you will find Jerry for Short well worth seeing—once. Among those who contribute likable performance are Lorna Carroll (still another graduate of the Bonstelle tradition in Detroit) Cameron Mathews, and the two principals mentioned above. Take it or leave it—but please don't say that the theatre has no room for innocent fun of this kind because, if you do say that, you are simply siding with the intelligentsia and being highbrow against your better judgment. (At the Waldorf Theatre.)

Yielding Place

They are building a new bridge over the river,
And the sweet air is full all day
Of the noise of riveting hammers
And cranes toiling away.

All day the old men from the village
Stand agape, with listless eyes,
On the old bridge, which has lasted their time,
Watching the framework rise.

BRAND STORM.

BOOKS

A Dominion as Buffer

Canada and the United States, by Hugh L. Keenleyside. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $4.00.

FOR the first time in twenty years, the United States has occasion to consider its ultimate relation with the British dominion of Canada. Canadian objections to our tariff police, Canadian rum-running, Canadian opposition to the St. Lawrence deep waterway project, the I'm Alone case—all combine to impress upon our national consciousness the fact that we have a neighbor on the north, and to arouse speculation as to the latter's bearing on our own national development. Fortunately for the occasion, Dr. Keenleyside—formerly an instructor in American universities and now a member of the dominion's new diplomatic service—has written a candid, fair and accurate account of the stormy story of Canadian-American relations.

On the subject of annexation, Mr. Keenleyside is dogmatic. He states that the formation of the dominion in 1867 "ended, apparently forever, the possibility of the political union of these two North American nations." He goes so far as to argue that "it is conceivable, although from present indications unlikely, that with the lapse of time Canada may break the strong bonds of affection that unite the dominion with the remainder of the British empire; it is inconceivable, if history has any meaning whatever, that Canada should unite, politically, with the American republic."

He produces ample documentation for these assertions. If British stupidity is responsible for the creation of the American republic, American stupidity is responsible for the creation of the British dominion. Our treatment of the Tories—the Canadians call them Loyalists—at the close of the Revolution, in defiance of treaties, common decency and common sense, led to their emigration to Canada, where they bloomed again as the United Empire Loyalists, nursing a grudge against the people and institutions of the United States, embittering the relations of the two nations, threatening war more than once, nullifying all ample views of our "Manifest Destiny," and producing two nations in a continent designed for and inhabited by one people. ". . . the United States at the very outset of its independent career," writes the author, "lost close to one hundred thousand of its most reputable and conservative citizens. It may be argued that this loss has been a powerful contributory factor in producing that disrespect for law and tendency toward mob action which have occasionally characterized American society. With equal validity it may be said that, as a result of this emigration, Canada gained a solid foundation of conservatism . . . in many ways a very serious handicap."

The result has been one of the most tragic misunderstandings in history. The Canadians have regarded the United States as an inherently rotten political institution but have expected us to behave as though we were a member of the British empire. We have regarded Canada as a mere British colony but have expected the Canadians to behave as though they were a sovereign and independent nation. The Canadians have never appreciated the peculiar substratum of stability in our political life and we have never understood Canada at all. "The fact is . . . that most Americans know very little about Canadian affairs, and are not particularly interested in them." It is also a fact that the Canadians cordially dislike us. For example, we have thought that our war-time coöperation brought better relations with Canada whereas it simply increased Canadian hostility and contempt. "It is probable that,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the end, the effect of war-time coöperation between the United States and Canada will be of lasting benefit in its influence on the relations of the two states. But it is beyond dispute that the immediate effect of the war was extremely detrimental; for, although Americans, in general, gained a new interest in and respect for Canada, Canadian dislike for the United States was definitely increased."

The American people have never realized how pinched the Canadians feel themselves between the weight of British and American policy. What American remembers the Ashburton Treaty? Yet "many Canadians still consider the Ashburton Treaty of 1842 to be the first and most important instance of the loss of Canadian rights due to the complacency of Great Britain and the crooked diplomacy of the United States." For a decade Canada enjoyed reciprocity with the United States, then showed such indiscreet sympathy with the southern cause as to induce us to denounce the reciprocity treaty as soon as the Civil War was over. For over forty years, the Canadians tried to restore tariff reciprocity, yet when it was available in 1911 they rejected it. Since then Canada has been levying her highest duties on American goods in an attempt to secure better tariff relations. Canada has tried every expedient to improve trade conditions. According to the author, "the fact is that Canada insists on using the fisheries situation as a make-weight in her bargaining for better tariff relations with the United States." The same has been alleged with reference to the St. Lawrence project. Yet the one practical act of retaliation would be to extend preference to British products and this is naturally highly distasteful to Canadian protectionists.

It sounds illogical; it is. The way of the buffer state is hard. A nation which is 3,000 miles wide and 300 miles long and which contains the population of greater New York is up against it, between the wealthy and populous republic to the South and the overpopulated and powerful kingdom overseas. When America and England disagree, Canada bears the brunt; when they agree, it must be at some loss to Canadian prestige and importance, if not at the direct expense of Canadian interests. Yet to abandon the British connection and terminate the middle-man in Anglo-American relations, is for Canada to become a satellite. What wonder the dilemma expresses itself in hatred for the Yankees and resentment toward the complacent British?

However, whatever her rôle in the British empire, Canada's rôle in North America seems assured. The road to the United States may not be the fairest prospect for a Canadian, but Canada has achieved a peculiar status as the "Scotland" of North America. Unable to conquer by force of arms or to nullify by diplomacy the preponderance of the republic, Canadians are enabled to assume a social and intellectual preeminence comparable only to the Caledonian. Canadian professors throng our colleges, an ex-Canadian commanded our naval forces in England during the war, an ex-Canadian—Professor Shotwell—helped formulate American foreign policy in the Kellogg pact, Canadian banks and business men flourish in our northern cities, Canadian trade elbows American trade in our Caribbean sphere of interest, hundreds of thousands of Canadians find homes and employment in the United States. In one state, they completely dominate local politics. America is Canada's opportunity in a demographic sense, and the Canadians are making the most of it.

Dr. Keenleyside has given the only available account of this process in a timely and important book. It calls attention to the unsuspected factors which are making for two Anglo-Saxon nations in North America, and is remarkably free from historical errors. While he attaches too much importance to the question of Canadian annexation to the United States, and too little importance to the deleterious effect of the old British policy of "divide et impera" on the North American continent, he has done well to point out that hatred of the Americans is being kept alive in the dominion, and that we are not guiltless in having kindled the sparks of hostility. While he may be too positive in his belief that Canada and America will be "forever" separate, he may succeed in convincing his fellow-subjects that the United States has no dark designs upon Canadian autonomy. If so, he will have rendered a most important service to the cause of American-Canadian economic solidarity, which remains the outstanding political problem of North America. Until the tariff and trade relations of the two nations are put upon a practical and mutually agreeable basis, there can be little to allay the ghosts of those old animosities which once led adolescent Americans to twist the Lion's tail, and which now prompt callow and thoughtless Canadians to tweak the Eagle's tailfeathers.

JOHN CARTER.

Toward an Era of Surplus

Men and Machines, by Stuart Chase. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THIS is a book from which you shrink, but which holds you with a snake-eye fascination. The woodcuts which illustrate it seem menacing. Stuart Chase compels the reader to gape at a new world on the brink of which he stands—too strange to be understood by our old philosophies, ruthless and impersonal, yet exuding, perhaps, the milk of human kindness. It is the new world of power machines and undreamed-of control over nature in its latest and prospective development.

Men and Machines might be printed as an appendix to the Kapital of Marx, for it is a justification of his foresight. More than seventy-five years ago he stood with Liebknecht before a Regent Street shop window in which a toy electric locomotive was drawing a railroad train. He declared that electricity, superseding steam, was conclusive of the doom of private capitalism: that all the forces of science were enlisted in a new mechanical revolution which made a new organization of society certain. John Stuart Mill, less bold and perspicacious, sensed something of this, and many others since have found themselves pushed toward the same admission.

The inventions and discoveries and applications of these to production and destruction have fallen in upon us with furious rapidity, awakening a mixture of exuberance and consternation. Mr. Chase sums up this sudden experience, describes it in its important phases and asks what will come of it. He is certain that the new technological changes mean social assimilation and, for all their terrifying tempo and power, simplification. We shall be done to death by our Frankenstein of modern industry—with its progressive unemployment, "decreation," robots, congestion and fraying of nerves—only if we fail to control it by laying hold of a new code of rights, or better, conveniences, as between social groups.

Production for profit under the old technology, that of the industrial revolution of the last century and a half, was in many ways injurious, but it did, left-handedly, contribute to human uses. Production for profit under the new technology, if we may judge by the evidence here piled up, will mean, soon or late, prodigious waste and devastation, with even the few who think themselves beneficiaries proving to be losers. Modern machinery and sources of power, which more and more

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

contribute to give society a central nervous system, necessitate control in the interest of society's improvement, even of society's survival.

This volume is a lesson in materialism, and some will see in it only that. But it also exhibits powerfully the fact that the world has left its era of deficit and, through new means of production, has entered upon a period of surplus. This, if we are feeble-minded, will lead on (particularly in the applications of science to warfare) to extinction. But if our nerves are steady and our heads wise it invites men to labor vastly decreased and leisure rendered far more profitable than has ever before been the case.

BROADUS MITCHELL.

What Is Worship?

The Quest for Experience in Worship, by Professor Edwin H. Byington. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company, Incorporated. $2.00.

THIS is a most interesting book. The author looks with longing eyes at the crowded Catholic churches and wonders why it is that Protestantism seems to be unable any longer to attract. In a general way he finds the answer. The Catholics are satisfied with their worship but the Protestants are not. The answer is discovered by a careful personal investigation. He has attended the worship of every kind of Church—Greek Orthodox, Greek Catholic, Armenian, Nestorian, Jacobite, Anglican, Lutheran, Reformed; in fact there seems to be no sort of worship among Christians that he has not personally familiarized himself with. Candles, incense, images, prostrations and ceremonial acts of all kinds do not antagonize him. He takes neither the defensive nor the offensive. He watches reverently, and even admiringly, and calls upon priests and ministers for fuller information. He possesses a library of liturgies. And yet, in the end, he still thinks that the non-liturgical worship of his own Congregational Church may be made the best of all. What is needed, he suggests, is intelligent method. The minister cannot create the right atmosphere unless he makes worship a satisfying experience. Neither the sermon, the music, the hymns, the lections nor the long prayer are enough. There must be some indefinable spirit.

It is in his recommendations that he is obviously at his worst and the reason is not hard to see. He admits that he dislikes dogma. He would not have the Apostles' Creed recited publicly. It is in this attempt to make worship emotional and mystical rather than dogmatic that he misses the lesson that he might have learned. Only those who believe in the dogma of the Mass can understand the Mass. To him our Catholic worship is above all the most inexplicable. He has attended thirty-five-minute Masses and marveled at them. What is the secret of the crowds? No music, little preaching, no hymns, very little vernacular and yet an apparent satisfaction to the worshipers. The spirit is there, he has seen that, but he cannot explain it.

He will never explain it until he understands that worship has more to do with the intellect than with the affections. The worshiper must first of all be convinced of the necessity and efficacy of worship. Catholics believe that God Himself has made a revelation in regard to it. There is no escape from dogma if you wish to have religion. The author will fill his church when he convinces his congregation that in their worship they are obeying the will of God. He will never do it if he thinks that they are looking for a satisfying experience; that is, he will never do it for long, unless he is a Spurgeon.

EDWARD HAWKS.

Aspects of Maurois

Aspects of Biography, by André Maurois. $2.00; Atmosphere of Love, by André Maurois. $2.50. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

BIOGRAPHY is many things to M. Maurois: an art, a means of deliverance, and a morality, but it is not a science, and it is not a method for getting at the truth about a man. Too many things intervene between the biographer and the object he is pursuing: the unreliability of memoirs, the fact that a man does not always mean exactly what he writes in a letter, the insufficiency of psychological data. The novelist's advantage over the biographer is that he may construct a synthesis of a man's outward and inner life; the biographer's advantage is that "to take over the form of a work ready-made is almost always a source of power to the artist. It is painful, it makes his task more difficult; but at the same time it is from this struggle between the mind and the matter that resists it that a masterpiece is born."

Properly enough, M. Maurois's own work is an example. What strikes one immediately upon comparing Ariel or Disraeli to his most recent novel is that the biographies are so successful because of a pattern which was in the lives of the subjects, and which the skill of their biographer brought out; in Atmosphere of Love, one is always conscious of a pattern being superimposed upon the characters and limiting the scope of the novel. It is a trick of neatness, of tightly planned and executed writing. Philippe Marcenat's first wife, Odile, does not make him happy; she is faithless, and he comes, naturally, to put a premium on fidelity, to say "that the only thing which could make of love a most beautiful passion was faithfulness." But after Odile's death he gets such a devotion as he had thought he wanted from Isabelle, whom he marries, and then discovers that because of his long obsession for Odile the only thing that can hold his interest in a woman is her infidelity to him. So it is Isabelle's turn to suffer, and Philippe's to seek the occasions of diversion.

In his Aspects of Biography, M. Maurois says that "after well-constructed books there is one thing even more dangerous, and that is books that are too well constructed." His novel is a case in point.

VINCENT ENGELS.

A Patrician's Past

Pomp and Circumstance, by the Ex-Duchesse de Clermont-Tonnerre. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith.

THOUGH it is true, as Louis Bromfield says in his introduction to this volume, that good memoirs have always been the province of the French, it is also true that good memoirs of whatever nationality reveal intimately not only the world surrounding the memoirist but, partly by direct expression and partly by indirection, they disclose quite frankly the character and personality of the writer. Granted that in memoirs we do not expect the same degree of self-disclosure as in autobiographies, yet notable memoirs have always carried in their pages vivid self-portraits of the memoirists themselves. The present volume unhappily lacks this quality. The author has not seemed to be much stirred by the life around her; she has been calm, aloof, an aristocrat who cannot even with the pen in her hand quite get over the inbred habit of being disinterested. The acquisition of this quality was part of her training as the eldest daughter of one of the greatest houses of France. This, and the difficulty most Americans would

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have in following the vast procession of lightly-limned French personalities is the only grave fault of these memoirs.

One does not become very seriously interested in particular persons among the haughty aristocracy sketched by Madame de Clermont-Tonnerre. Yet the total effect of her deft portraiture is surprising. Though few of her comments are more than superficially penetrating, the author finally builds up for the reader an unusually clear understanding of the mental and emotional life of France's haut monde preceding the war. The colorful partridge hunts enjoyed by dukes and duchesses—the indolent life of French royalty at Cannes "before the English invasion"—the stodgy de rigueur receptions held on a massive scale by her parents in their Paris mansion—the well-ordered life of the children, going indefatigably "from English to German, from the piano to the trapeze, from dancing to drawing"—more or less intimate gossip about the inimitable Rothschild family, relations of hers—the merciless seclusion of young girls, the making of loveless marriages for them, the acceptance of fascinating demi-mondaines in the life of "the rutting males" of the period—such glimpses provide a background for the history of the beginning of our century by means of which that history is enlightened, released from its formal frame and made intelligible. As for Madame de Clermont-Tonnerre's style, it is excellent—urbane, subtle, polished. I do not think it an overzealous compliment to say that her writing possesses in a minor degree the qualities she so acutely attributes to Anatole France: "the dry brilliance of Voltaire" amalgamated with "the robust gracefulness of the seventeenth century a trifle softened."

HARRY MCGUIRE.

Poet and Moralist

Poems and The Spring of Joy, by Mary Webb. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.50.

IN THE death of Mary Webb, English literature lost a spirit as exquisite as it was rare. In an age deafened by the raucous tyranny of man-made things she moved serene and utterly oblivious of all but the impressions of nature and the call of the spirit. Drenched in the sights and sounds of the quiet English countryside, she seized with delicious poignancy the momentary impression. In this she was one perhaps with her age, though unlike most modern poets her mood was one of happiness. But Mary Webb went further, and in the most original of her poems—in The Land Within, The Vagrant, and The Ancient Gods—she entered the haunted region of the land of dreams; while in her essays she was an exquisite interpreter of the truths of life and nature.

"We need no passports in the freemasonry of earth as we do in the company of men; the only indispensable gifts are a humble mind and a receptive heart. We must go softly if we desire the butterfly's confidence; we must walk humbly if we dare to ask for an interpretation of this dream of God." And again: "One violet is as sweet as an acre of them. And it often happens—as by a kindly law of compensation—that those who have only one violet find the way through its narrow, purple gate into the land of God." In such passages the poet speaks indeed, but a poet who is at once thinker and moralist. That the finger of death was already upon her brow as she wrote these words shows them as the last testament of a truly radiant spirit. The house of Dutton is to be congratulated on bringing together Mary Webb's poems and essays in this beautiful little volume.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

B. ALTMAN & CO.
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS

◆

Summer Values in

MEN'S
UNDERWEAR

Cool, white garments of the lightest fabrics, now arranged for a limited time only at unusually attractive prices

Lisle shirts and drawers, each $2.25
Lisle athletic shirts and drawers, each . . . 1.75
Cotton union suits . . . 1.95
Nainsook union suits . . 1.45
Nainsook shirts and drawers, each 1.15

These are all from the regular Altman stocks—splendidly made of fine materials. Similarly low prices prevail in all Altman Men's Furnishings Departments

◆

MEN'S UNDERWEAR
FIRST FLOOR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fordham University

Graduate School

DEPARTMENT OF POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY ANNOUNCES COURSES

by

REV. MOORHOUSE F. X. MILLAR, S.J.

and

DR. BOYD CARPENTER

During the Fall and Winter

1929-1930

Prospectus on application 750 Woolworth Bldg.

Manhattan College

Van Cortlandt Park and 242nd Street

NEW YORK CITY

In the Fieldston-Riverdale Section

New College Buildings and Dormitories in a splendid setting house New York's famous old Catholic College

Conducted by The Christian Brothers

COURSES:

Liberal Arts, Science, Pedagogy, Commerce and Finance, Architecture, Civil and Industrial Engineering. New Electrical Laboratory installed through special co-operation of General Electric Company.

Address the Registrar

From Cluny to Chartres

Romanesque France, by Violet R. Markham. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $7.00.

MEDIAEVALISTS have succeeded in getting a hearing for the thirteenth century, but its immediate predecessor remains as yet pretty much a theme for specialists. The present volume is a serious attempt to popularize information about French Romanesque architecture, and succeeds in presenting a competent digest of the authorities. Roughly speaking, the curve of development here followed reaches from Cluny to Chartres. Almost no monument of importance is overlooked, and some of the best chapters deal with comparatively little known shrines like Moissac and Le Puy, to which the right kind of traveler will direct himself speedily. The sections on Toulouse and Poitou recall so many impressions to the present reviewer's mind that he spent the best part of the night over Miss Markham's volume, sometimes reading or thinking, but always sensing a mighty eagerness to get aboard the next steamer.

As has been said, this is fluent writing which summarizes all the savants from Male to Robuchon. The author is usually judicious in her selection of facts and inferences, sometimes venturing a quite plausible judgment of her own. Of course she herself has covered the ground personally and supplies vivid descriptions of personal experience which add more than a little to the value of her chronicle. It seems odd that so well-instructed and normally agreeable a person should indulge more than one craving to have a fling at the Church which, after all, was the patron of Romanesque building. Barring this characteristic, Miss Markham's portly, well-illustrated tome may be recommended warmly.

PAUL CROWLEY.

Mr. Yeats's Trivia

A Packet for Ezra Pound, by William Butler Yeats. Dublin: the Cuala Press. 10s. 6d.

FROM his winter retreat at Rapallo, where he walks of nights, argues and doubtless quarrels a little with Mr. Erza Pound comes this little book from Mr. Yeats's pen. Its chief content is a new introduction for that portion of the book called A Vision which goes by the name of The Great Wheel. A Vision is a strange unphilosophic attempt to explain the characters of men and their fated composition, and their effect on and recurrence in history. It appeared originally in a limited expensive edition with a fantastic preface purporting to explain how the documents on which it is based came into the hands of Mr. Yeats—an account he here confesses to be a mere story: it had many geometrical figures and was written in a difficult and often unintelligible symbolism. Yet it was of the utmost interest to lovers of Yeats's poetry and many could see in it the struggles of a man, who had never read philosophy, who had never practised lucidity in prose, to explain in another medium those thoughts which are constantly to be found at the back of even his earliest verse.

It is not difficult, for instance, to trace the doctrine of the anti-self, as described there, to lines of great and simple beauty in such early books as The Wanderings of Oisin, and it will be an interesting task some day for the biographer of the poet to follow the development of that embryonic thought through the years up to its description, at last fully realized, in the pages of the rewritten Vision. For Mr. Yeats is evidently rewriting that volume, and here explains why it was so arcane

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and so unexplicit: if the new preface is to be believed the book originated in his wife's successful attempt at automatic writing, the messages later coming by speech in sleep. Much of what was said and written baffled the poet and confused him when he came to write the book but now, though still under the influence of his other-world messengers, he says he will publish only what he understands.

On the whole it becomes evident that this somewhat artificial connection with spirituality has not benefited Mr. Yeats's work, whether in prose or in verse. In his earliest verse there was an air of the other world that was far more charming and far more persuasive, nor is it at all evident that the poetry of his later years which derives from this reasoned doctrine of the communion of heaven and earth is really, as the poet believes it is, of a toughter or more passionate fibre. The poetry of The Wild Swans at Coole, the poetry of a lost love and a seared life, is as passionate as any poetry in the Vita Nuova, but it may well be questioned if the obscure private symbolism of The Cat and the Moon, let us say, is not the product of an easy sentimentality, a sort of play-acting with the hard work of poetry. It would be hard to blame readers if they felt that they had exchanged the charm and sorrow of the quite early poems for the lines of an entirely charmless, unsorrowing, befuddled old poseur. There is a great gap between spirits and spirituality, and none of Mr. Yeats's spiritistic verse has succeeded in bridging it.

SEAN O'FAOLAIN.

California In True History

The Missions and Missionaries of California; Volume I, by Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M. $4.00.

PROBABLY no state in the union has been more abundantly blessed with historians than California. Particularly of late years, the scientific work of such men as Professor Herbert E. Bolton, of the University of California, and Professors Priestley and Chapman, has done a great deal to correct many of the errors and false impressions which disfigure the otherwise valuable work of Bancroft. From many points of view, however, Father Engelhardt is the most indispensable of all the historians of California. All the recent writers pay tribute to the enormous erudition, fairness and accuracy of his monumental and definitive history of the missions and missionaries of California.

So inseparably is the work of the Catholic Church bound up with the military and civil history of Spanish California that these latter phases cannot possibly be understood without a full knowledge of the religious phase. This has been supplied by Father Engelhardt abundantly and lucidly. The present volume is the second edition of Volume I of the series, and in itself it has an independent value of a high order. Part one covers the early attempts at colonization made in Lower California by the Spanish, and the many voyages along the coast of Upper California. The efforts made by the Jesuits to Christianize the Indian tribes of Lower California are fully described, together with the later work of the Franciscans and the Dominicans, thus covering the whole history of Lower California from 1533 to 1854. Four chapters have been added to bring the narrative down to our own times. This new material incidentally reveals the true inwardness of the recent religious turmoil which prevailed in Mexico, while a copious appendix throws a flood of light on various topics which could not be fully discussed in the narrative.

T. C.

THE MANUAL OF PRAYERS

THE OFFICIAL PRAYER BOOK

This is the Official Prayer Book of the Catholic Church. It is endorsed by Cardinals O'Connell, Dougherty, Hayes and Mundelein, and every Archbishop and Bishop in the United States. The complete compendium of the Prayers and Ceremonies of the Church having a replete explanation of Each of the Sacraments, aiding Catholics and Converts to fully understand the Sacred Offices.
To correct errors found in many Prayer Books, this Manual was prepared by Order of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. Each page in proof sheet was submitted to all the Bishops of the Country and by them approved, being the only Prayer Book having this endorsement. In its use, you are assured of having the Official Prayer Book.

Black Linen Cloth, gilt cross, round corners, red edges—$1.50

YOUR NAME ON COVER FREE!

Send for complete catalogue

JOHN MURPHY CO.

200 West Lombard Street Baltimore, Maryland

GORHAM

ECCLESIASTICAL PRODUCTIONS

Rosaries	Candlesticks	Vases
Crucifixes	Ostensoria	Pyxis & Oil Stocks
Medals	Vestments	Triptychs

Altar Appointments — Church Decorations
Mosaics—Tablets—Stained Glass Windows

GORHAM
Fifth Avenue at 47th Street, New York

TEACHING THE CHILD AT HOME

A letter from Most Reverend Neil McNeil, D.D., Archbishop of Toronto:

"What I want at present is a book for pastors and their assistants so that they may instruct societies of mothers, and 'Bookless Lessons for the teacher-mother' meets this need. Please send me one hundred copies, and ten copies of 'Beginning the Child's Education'."

These books by Ella Frances Lynch, founder of the International League of Teacher-Mothers, and a leader in the field of training the child in the home have been accepted as the outstanding contributions to this most important phase of education. Every parent should have copies of these two books.

Bookless Lessons for the Teacher-Mother, $1.85 postpaid.

Beginning the Child's Education, limited edition in paper covers, half price, $1.10 postpaid.

THE INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE OF TEACHER-MOTHERS

Minerva, New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For the Faithful of the Archdiocese of New York

Remember in your will the needs of the Home and Foreign Missions of your Holy Faith. You will have the spiritual benefits of the Masses, prayers and good works of 65,000 missionaries. "I hereby give, devise and bequeath unto the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, (offices at 462 Madison Avenue, New York City), the sum of ..... dollars."

Rt. Rev. John J. Dunn, D.D. *Chairman* — Rev. Thomas J. McDonnell *Director*

"It is a bad will that has not the name of our Lord among the Heirs."
—Cardinal Manning

SETON HILL COLLEGE
GREENSBURG, PA.
An Eastern School with Western Vigor
A Northern School with Southern Charm
College Women From Eighteen States
500 Minutes from Broadway 43 Minutes from Pittsburgh

PIUS X SCHOOL OF LITURGICAL MUSIC
COLLEGE OF THE SACRED HEART
133rd Street and Convent Avenue, New York
AUTUMN AND WINTER SESSION
Justine Ward Method, Courses I, II, III
Gregorian Chant Gregorian Accompaniment
Choir Conducting and Liturgical Singing
Theory, ear training, sight reading, melody writing
Harmony, Musical Appreciation Counterpoint Polyphony
Lessons in Vocal Production, Organ, Violin, Piano, privately or in class
For further information, address the Secretary Cathedral 1334

MOUNT WASHINGTON COUNTRY SCHOOL FOR BOYS
MOUNT WASHINGTON, MARYLAND
—We will Prepare Your Son For High School—
In proximity to Mount Saint Agnes is the Mount Washington Country School, the ideal boarding and day school
Reservations Limited Seventy Select Boys
From six to thirteen years of age

IMMACULATE HEART COLLEGE
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA
Chartered Institution for the Higher Education of Women
Four-year College Course leading to Collegiate Degree
Accredited High School Department
IMMACULATE HEART COLLEGE
Hollywood, California

ST. XAVIER COLLEGE
For Women
4928 COTTAGE GROVE AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL.
Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy
Liberal Arts Course, Pre-Medical, Music, Art
Teachers' Promotional Credit Classes
Autumn, Winter, and Spring Quarters
Send for Announcement

Briefer Mention

The Dialogue on Miracles, by Caesarius of Heisterbach; translated by H. Scott and C. C. Swinton Bland. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $10.00.

FEW mediaeval manuscripts are more intimate and revealing than the "dialogue between a monk and a novice" written by Caesarius the Carmelite, who lived in the German monastery at Heisterbach during the opening years of the thirteenth century. The book is primarily a record of miracles, and rivals in this respect the famous work of Voragine himself. But the author has so excellent a gift of narrative and so skilful a method of exposition that he records for us—often quite between the lines—a number of facts regarding life in the middle-ages. Though a modern reader will be unfavorably impressed by the willingness of the thirteenth-century mind to credit almost every happening which savored of the miraculous, he will not deny that Caesarius was both a man of wit and extraordinarily attractive personality. This Dialogue is certainly one of the finest additions yet made to the Broadway Mediaeval Library. The translation is unusually fine, and even the introduction by Professor Coulton avoids all acrid controversy.

From Rome to Tarsus, by Herman J. Heuser, D.D. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $2.00.

THIS book of 167 pages completes the trilogy begun in In the Workshop of Saint Joseph, and continued in The House of Martha at Bethany. It is a story of the earliest Christian hierarchy as we know of it in the life of Saint Paul. It makes no attempt to solve the riddles proposed by Bible critics. It answers two questions: How did the Pharisee of the Pharisees become the Apostle to the Gentiles? How did the obedient agent of Jewish high priests come to bow his head to the authority of the Galilean Fisherman? We think that those who enjoy the characteristic books of the author will find his numerous digressions more interesting than his answers.

CONTRIBUTORS

Edward J. Macdonald is dramatic critic of the London Universe.
Hugh de Burgh is the nom de plume of an occasional contributor to The Commonweal.
George Westervelt is a member of the Board of Managers of the Voluntary Committee of Lawyers.
Dorothy Day is the author of several novels.
Howard Meriwether Lovett is the author of Grandmother Stories from the Land of Used-to-Be.
Rosemary Kathryn Beattie is assistant to the editor of the Catholic Woman.
Brand Storm is a Philadelphia poet.
John Carter, the author of Man Is War; and Conquest, is associated wih the State Department in Washington.
Broadus Mitchell, associate professor of political economy in Johns Hopkins University, is the author of William Gregg, Factory Master of the Old South; and Frederick Law Olmstead, a Critic of the Old South.
Rev. Edward Hawks is pastor of the church of Saint Joan of Arc, in Philadelphia.
Vincent Engels is a member of The Commonweal staff.
Harry McGuire is editor of Outdoor Life.
Grenville Vernon, author of The Image in the Path, is a critic of music and opera.
Paul Crowley is a literary critic for contemporary American magazines.
Sean O'Faolain is a student of Irish literature and a contributor to current periodicals.

Meetings of Nat'l Conference Catholic Charities and Society of St. Vincent De Paul
At New Orleans, Nov. 9 to 14

FALL TOURS
BY STEAMER
RAIL and MOTOR
Send for descriptive folders containing list of inexpensive trips.

A conducted party will leave New York by New Steamer DIXIE Nov. 2, returning at close of meetings by rail in special pullmans stopping at Jacksonville, Fla. (for St. Augustine) Charleston, S. C. and Washington arriving New York Sunday evening, Nov. 17—A delightful two weeks' Autumn trip at moderate cost. Also similar party going rail, returning water, and via Havana, if desired.

For particulars and information write the
FARLEY TRAVEL AGENCY 535 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C. Phone: Murray Hill 8390-8391

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED